THE HUMAN EMERSON by Townsend Scudder

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Saturday Review of Literature

IN THIS ISSUE

"THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY"
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

"INSIDE ASIA"
By John Gunther
Reviewed by Varian Fry

"HOLYOKE, MASS.—A CASE HISTORY OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION"
By Constance M. Green
Reviewed by Ruth McKenney

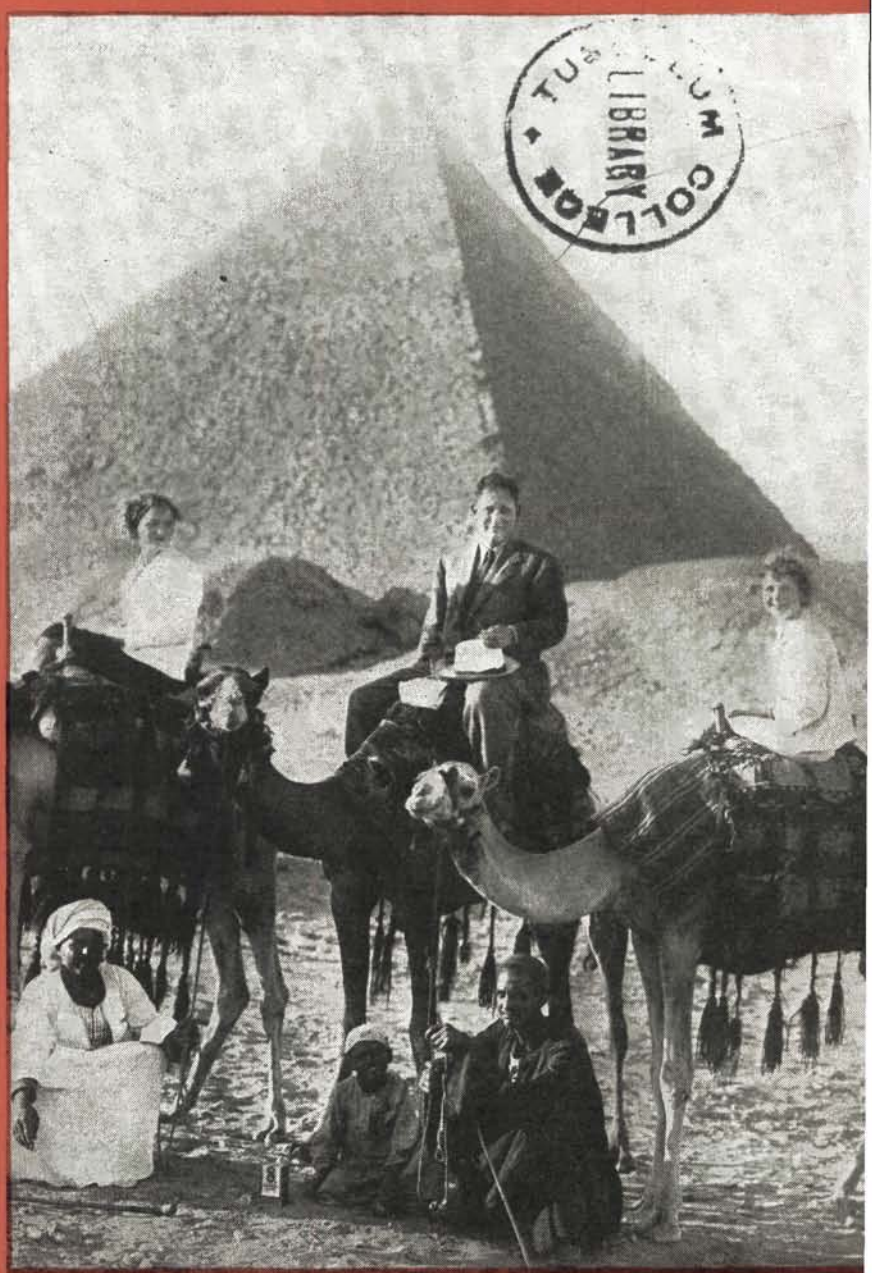
"MEN CAN TAKE IT"
By Elizabeth Hawes
Reviewed by Gould Cassal

THE THIRD WRITERS' CONGRESS
By Joseph Hilton Smyth and Willam Rose Benét

"NEILSON OF SMITH"
By Hubert Herring
Reviewed by Thomas W. Lamont

TRAVEL NOTES: I
By Ford Madox Ford

Other Reviews by RALPH H. GABRIEL, ERNEST BOYD, JOSEPH H. JACKSON, BASIL DAVENPORT, PAUL H. LANG



John Gunther in Egypt, with Mrs. Gunther (right) and their friend, Madame Aziz Eloui Bey

(See page 5)

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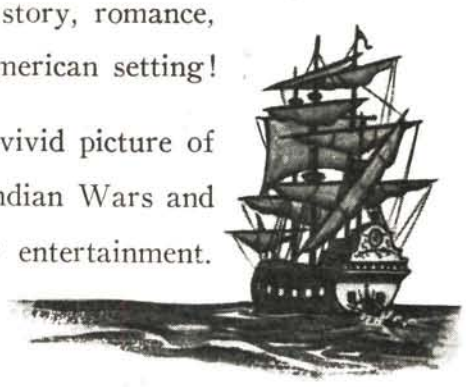

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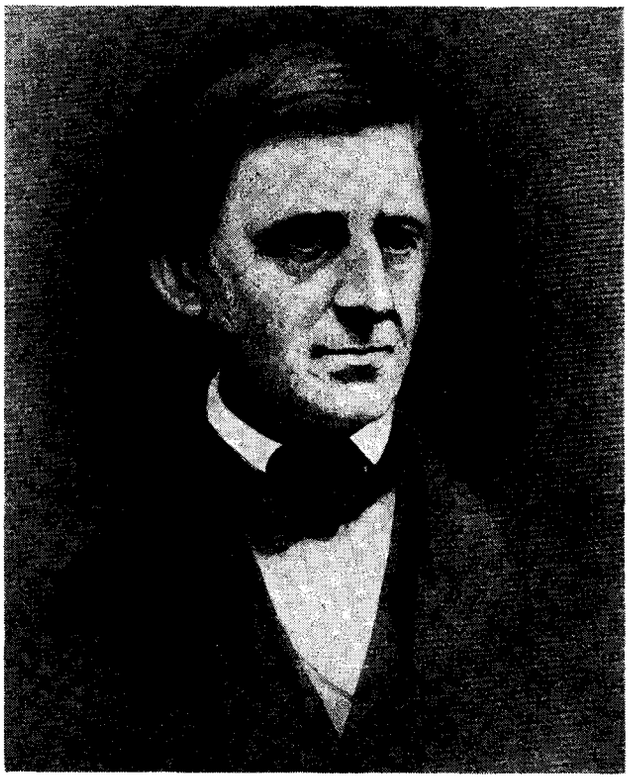
The Human Emerson

BY TOWNSEND SCUDDER III

THE publication of R. L. Rusk's monumental six-volume edition of Emerson's letters* is an outstanding event in America's literary history. The editorial work itself is a superb example of painstaking and skill. Here are more than two thousand letters which have not before been printed, with a record, in chronological arrangement, of the five hundred or so that have been previously available. By means of this collection, new light will be thrown on many questions relating to Emerson: the earliest appearance, for instance, of ideas destined to become books, essays, or poems. These are the important queries. Yet what of Emerson the human being? In his intimate correspondence should be found the man as well as the seer.

The casual explorer may get something of a shock to learn how much the brain of a great intellectual can be stuffed with the customary events of existence. In these letters, genius gleams in fractions against the wide background of everyday life. Though Emerson thrilled to the vastness of the universe, he liked to bring his world within the boundaries of Concord. So there is ample news of the household and the village, of neighbors and of relatives—sympathetic, friendly gossip of childbirth and of death, of local triumphs and disasters. For Concord was Emerson's oyster, and in Concord he made himself a valuable townsman, a resident with a New England conscience about civic matters.

Emerson's ventures as a gentleman farmer have been humorously treated by his biographers. The fact is that Emerson gardened to good purpose. "My peas and potatoes are planted in part, and this day I have set out 15 trees—pines, walnuts, oaks; and tomorrow we deposit some more." When he deserted his books for his vegetables, his hoe, and his wheelbarrow, he had in mind a double crop. "I find a momentary benefit in it and doubt not to reap a better harvest from it than peas, lettuce, apples and pears." Edward Hosmer, stalwart farmer of Concord, was his adviser on matters agricultural, and regarded his consultant with respect.



"Though Emerson thrilled to the vastness of the universe, he liked to bring his world within the boundaries of Concord" . . .

When enthusiasts invited Emerson to become a partner in the communal experiment of Brook Farm, he courteously declined, sure that the venture was ill suited to his needs. Why exchange his property in Concord for a share in the project?

> I am in many respects suitably placed, in an agreeable neighborhood, in a town which I have many reasons to love and which has respected my freedom so far that I may presume it will indulge me farther if I need it. Here I have friends and kindred. Here I have builded and planted; and here I have greater facilities to prosecute such practical enterprises as I may cherish.

In summer, when his routine moved at its best, he often rose at six, wrote till one or later, then cultivated his garden or his friends. Emerson was never the one to boast of his accomplishments. Humorously, apologetically, he wrote to Margaret Fuller:

> The old gentleman in the study wastes, it must be owned, good time: dips a pen in ink, affects to write a little from upper dictation, but presently falls to copying old musty papers —then to reading a little in Plato, a little in the Vedas, then picks his pea vines a little, or waters his melons, or thins his carrots; walks a little, talks a little, and the marvelous Day has fled for evermore.

A reputable householder, he was also an enthusiastic, quiet worker for Concord as a community of thinkers. He urged intellectuals to settle there, extending an invitation even across the Atlantic to Carlyle. And if people grew interested, he knew what houses were for rent and what rates would be fair. Thus, directly or indirectly, Alcott came to Concord, and Hawthorne, and many others. Thoreau—the brave, fine youth, Emerson called him—was there to begin with, and Emerson, long before others were willing to perceive it, hugely admired Thoreau's erect, free mind. He strove zealously to gain a publisher for "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," describing the book as being pastoral as Isaak Walton and spicy as a flagroot. He admired Thoreau's deftness with his hands as well as his skill as writer. So much could not be said for Amos Bronson Alcott, who undertook to plan and build a garden shelter on Emerson's land. Such a creation had never before been contemplated, with its alarming dimensions, its peristyle gables, and dormer win-

* *THE LETTERS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Edited by Ralph L. Rusk. New York: Columbia University Press. 1939. 6 vols., $30.*

Next Week

NOBEL THE PRIZE-GIVER
By HARLAND MANCHESTER

WIND, SAND AND STARS
By ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY
Reviewed by Bruce Gould

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dows! "Mr. Alcott and Henry are laboring at the summer house, which, in spite of their joint activity, has not yet fallen. A few more spikes driven would to all appearance shatter the supports. I think to call it Tumbledown Hall." But if Alcott was no carpenter, Emerson was convinced he was a world builder, a God-made priest. True, he was sometimes rather taxing. He could not chat in simple fashion, but must create new solar systems when he talked, with complete outlines for their educational programs. To hear him speak was like attending perpetual Parliament. Yet for his large ideas and virtues, Emerson believed Alcott deserved maintenance at the public cost, though one might fear this would be done in the county jail or poorhouse.

Much space in these letters is filled with petty details of business. For an honest literary man peddling none too vendible wares, Emerson did amazingly well. It is hardly surprising that he was often vexed with financial worries. These came through no fault of his own. He was a careful manager and kept tabs on his small investments with shrewd watchfulness. He sought informed advice and read the stock reports in his newspaper. Though he admitted that figures were anathema to him, and working on accounts never failed to plunge him in low spirits, he kept exact records of expenses and income. He had not just his own outlay to think of. He advanced liberal sums from his pocket to further the publication in America of his friend Carlyle's books, and when his brother William, setting up law practice in New York, with real estate as a side line, needed money, Emerson made sacrifices to tide him over with loans. These he could rarely make without borrowing, and he was sometimes hard pressed when notes were due at the bank.

His surest means of revenue, of course, was through his lectures. These he hawked like merchandise about the country, making certain, in advance, of a fair fee. His letters home, on a speaking tour, read something like a directory of American hotels. And the discomforts and perils of the road were at times as severe as those met by a country doctor. On a winter journey through Maine, the sleigh stage in which he was riding upset in a snowbank, with resultant cuts and bruises for the inside fares. Emerson, helping his fellow passengers emerge, was amused at the revelations of character produced by the accident—one of the ladies, decorous enough before, now cursed and swore like a camp follower. In the West he found the people rough and grisly Esaus, full of dirty strength. At Niagara, his hotel caught fire in the night.

> I put on my clothes, or some of them, and gathered up my properties as many and as fast as I could in the dark, and got down stairs through a cloud of smoke and cinders, and found women clothed in blankets and barefooted in the hall and in the street, and great distress everywhere. The house was burned out thoroughly, before all our eyes, and nothing left but the four walls.

In Concord he could relax from these excursions. Concord, summer or winter, never failed. Here was society and solitude, here was physical and spiritual life. "I will forget my yesterdays and hear only the sweet bells of today. And there is good reason; for the blue birds have come back this

The second Mrs. Emerson and one of the children, in 1847

morning to their box on my barn, and the sun and air are . . . bland and good."

What has thus far been recorded on these pages, in samples from these letters, gives merely a little taste of Emerson the citizen. Yet among these possibly mundane things, what of the deepest common emotions? Did love and sorrow—in the earthly, human sense—find place in transcendental Concord? Perhaps the clues may also be drawn from these letters—by paraphrase or direct quotation. The tale which follows begins in youth and ends with middle life.

When he graduated from Harvard College, young Emerson's tutors could hardly entertain doubts of his ultimate safe destiny in Massachusetts. The family's respected position, its long history of service—an unbroken line of many generations of preachers—vouched for that. But young Ralph Waldo was not the one to follow the beaten track without some question. Besides, ill health leagued with his doubts—physically the Emersons were not a robust tribe, and their mental energy drew heavily on their strength. There was in him no open rebellion, but he had read a lot and thought a lot. "'Tis a queer life," he wrote to his remarkable aunt, Mary Moody Emerson—a she-Isaiah, he once called her, who was nevertheless alive to the comedy of her pretensions—"and the only humor proper to it seems quiet astonishment."

On October 10, 1826, Waldo was approbated to preach, and five days later had delivered his first sermon. In December, 1827, the young minister found himself in Concord, New Hampshire, where, for three Sundays, he was to preach before the newly organized Unitarian Society of the town. Family ties bound him closely to Concord, Massachusetts. He was curious, now, about this New Hampshire village of the same name. A bitter cold place in winter, that much was certain! But if the town looked bleak and uninviting, its cordial welcome more than compensated. The visitor was at once taken in tow by a Colonel Kent and his family. There were children and step-children of about Emerson's age—Tuckers and Kents, for the Colonel had married a widow—and with these he was soon on familiar terms. Ellen Tucker, indeed, one of the daughters of the house, had quite taken his breath away. Where, he asked himself, could one find her equal in beauty or in charm?

Long after quitting New Hampshire, Ralph Waldo felt a disconcerting glow every time he thought of Ellen, and was conscious of a half-formed wish, a wish he tried to exorcise but could not.

Just one year later, he was again in Ellen's village. He was not thinking now of winter's cold. His spirits were exuberant. The December days seemed perfect—the air buoyant, the skies all brightness. He had met Ellen twice, and was in love at first and second sight—in love and engaged in marriage. January, too, was a memorable month, for it brought from the Old North Church, Boston, a call to become its pastor. Here, for the asking, lay security after marriage.

Yet Emerson's horizons were uncertain and clouded, for Ellen now lay very sick—ill with consumption. She had suffered one hemorrhage of the lungs, and Waldo, in Concord with her, watched by her bedside. Dared he accept the call to Old North? Suppose the doctors advised moving Ellen to kindlier climates? If that must

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Reporting the Far East

INSIDE ASIA. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by VARIAN FRY

ALMOST everybody who has read anything on international affairs in the last three or four years has read John Gunther's "Inside Europe." That entertaining and informative book has gone through almost innumerable printings, and has been translated into a dozen or more languages. It has been several times revised and brought up to date. And if, from the point of view of the student, its author has betrayed at times a too-great fondness for anecdote and personality, and has allowed that fondness to obscure his view of the important social and economic causes of the events with which he has dealt, at least the candid student has had to admit that, thanks probably to his eleven years as a newspaper correspondent in Europe, Mr. Gunther has been able to give his book a vividness and an authority such as very few books on so ambitious a scale possess.

Now comes "Inside Asia," which attempts to do for a continent five times as large and nearly three times as populous what the earlier book did for Europe. Starting in Japan, "Inside Asia" takes us to China by way of Manchukuo and the undeclared war in the Far East; thence to the Philippines, Singapore, the Netherlands East Indies, Siam; to India, Iran, Arabia; and, finally, to Palestine. It is a journey of some 30,000 miles or more, and one for which Mr. Gunther has had no such preparation as he had had for the writing of "Inside Europe." Indeed, with the exception of a little reporting done in the Near East, he had not visited any of the places he writes about in "Inside Asia" until he set out on a trip to gather material for it, about two years ago.

To state that fact is to say that "Inside Asia" is not as good a book as "Inside Europe." And it is not. Partly, perhaps, because of the author's relative unfamiliarity with his subject, and partly, no doubt, because of the insurmountable language barriers he encountered, even more than the earlier volume "Inside Asia" takes refuge in anecdote and personality. There is so much personality, in fact, that whole pages are rather like an oriental "Dictionary of National Biography": even the most avid Gunther-fan will probably find himself skipping the interminable thumb-nail sketches of the lives of some two dozen assorted Chinese generals and politicians, for instance.

Even more than the earlier volume, too, "Inside Asia" skims lightly over the surface of events, leaving many basic facts and trends to the examination of less "colorful" writers. Thus one looks in vain for more than a single sentence on the Chinese industrial coöperative movement; or for even a sentence on the crucial fact that China has an almost completely decentralized economy.

There is in "Inside Asia," too, a kind of running thaumatology which reminds one of Herodotus and the books of a long line of wide-eyed Westerners who have traveled in the East since his day. In fact, the parallels between Mr. Gunther's tales of wonder and those of Herodotus are often quite striking. There are a good two hundred such wonder-stories in "Inside Asia."

Yet, despite its little flaws and blemishes (there are a few slips), "Inside Asia" is, all things considered, a remarkably good job. It is packed with information. It is eminently fair. It is highly readable. To the reader who does not know as much as he would like to know about the East—far, Middle, or Near—it will prove as pleasant and easy an introduction as any book available.

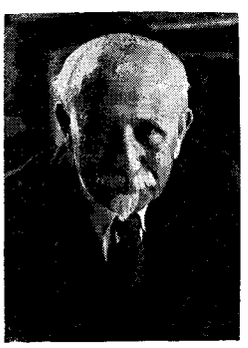
Varian Fry is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, and is the author of "War in China."

President Neilson

NEILSON OF SMITH. By Hubert Herring. Brattleboro, Vt.: Stephen Daye Press. 1939. $1.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS W. LAMONT

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, who after twenty-two years in office is now retiring from the presidency of Smith College, has been for years the acknowledged dean of the women's college presidents, and has attained high place among the heads of all American educational institutions. Therefore it is fitting that his character and virtues and career should have place in daily press and current periodical literature. Mr. Hubert Herring has done us a service in reproducing in book form his charming essay (*Harper's Magazine*) of a year ago. Mr. Herring paints a lively and just picture of Dr. Neilson, of his vivid personality, of his academic ideals, of his Scotch canniness in administration. More than one episode is quoted, going to show that the Neilson sense of humor has been a trait far more than kindly and endearing: it has been one source of his greatest strength in handling in these difficult days the complex problems of a student body and faculty of upwards of 2500 persons. To a former trustee of Smith College who in 1917 witnessed the transition from the preceding regime into President Neilson's competent hands, some of Mr. Herring's phrases have especially strong appeal. He speaks of the "sense of life . . . transmitted to all who come under his eye"; of the disdain which Neilson has always had for intellectual mediocrity, and of his "enthusiasm for scholarship."



William A. Neilson

It was that quality that so impressed his colleagues in the institutions of learning where Neilson had been a teacher in the early 1900s. And when in 1917 I journeyed to Cambridge to consult the venerable ex-President Eliot, who had first placed Neilson in the English Department at Harvard and then later had given him his professorship, he testified as to Neilson's ripe scholarship and extraordinary qualities as teacher. Then, in that impressive Eliot manner, he alluded to those Scotch traits of Neilson's and charged me to assure my associate trustees of Smith that, not only as an educational leader, but as an administrator, he would never fail them.

But to the college generations of young women who under President Neilson have worked and played and learned to use their minds in these last twenty-two years, it will not be Neilson the scholar, Neilson the administrator, whose bright memory will be chiefly cherished. It will be Neilson the man, the kindly, sympathetic human being, the person of understanding, the teacher who through his daily contacts with them gave them insight into questions of national and international import, who above all showed them the beauty and delight of life, the power of the human spirit, trained and yet made free. As in King Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey says:

> When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
> Say, I taught thee;

so these thousands of young women graduates will for years to come be saying to their daughters: *"We* were at Smith under President Neilson!"

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Rome's Final Crisis

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Volume XII: the Imperial Crisis and Recovery, A.D. 193-324. *New York: Cambridge University Press (The Macmillan Company).* 1939. $10.

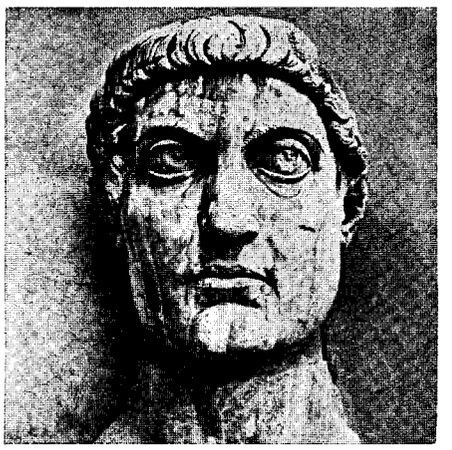
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

WITH this volume, ending with the Christianization of the Roman Empire under Constantine, a monumental work of scholarship is completed at last. Fifteen authors of seven nationalities share the writing of the present volume, so it is not surprising that different chapters sometimes give very dissimilar versions of the same events; the chief bond of unity is the strongly pro-Christian flavoring of all the chapters except those written by theologians. Neither harmony nor contradictions, however, will be much of an obstacle to people who read this history at all; for it is intended for students who know at least something about the subject-matter, not for the general reader, who would seldom be able to see the forest for the trees. Even the trees are often blurred, in a period for which the literary sources are so scanty and untrustworthy that much of its history must be reconstructed from the coinage; and the scholars who write this volume aim at accuracy rather than lucidity.

Professor Rand's dry comment on Aulus Gellius—"his prose shows a quiet absence of style, as befits so learned a man"—is unfortunately applicable to most of Rand's co-authors; you will find here none of the sweep and drive that Rostovtzeff, for instance, put into the narrative of the same events, even in a volume devoted to the more prosaic aspects of history. Accuracy (if you can get it) is the cardinal virtue of the historian; but is there any law compelling so many sound men to be dull? That world organization of scholars toward which some gestures have lately been made might well pass a statute requiring every man who wants to write history to take a course in composition under, say, G. P. Baker.

Few scholars would regard this as a valid criticism; but a semi-general reader cannot help wishing that there had been some attempt to make the history of this period intelligible to the average customer. For it may very well prove to be a preview of the World of Tomorrow, and indeed is in many respects a preview of the world of today.

A time of violence and bloodshed and disintegration, of revolution and dictatorships, confiscations and blacklists and massacres. When German tribes reaching out for *Lebensraum* were extirpating more advanced cultures; when increasing taxation and currency inflation still never quite met the deficit; when profits vanished, the rich were ruined, and the poor were no better off; when the government could be suspected of setting fire to a public building in order to find excuse for the proscription of a minority sect, whose doctrines looked forward to a world revolution after which pre-history would have ended and history could begin. When desperate conditions evoked desperate remedies, including half a dozen schemes of moral rearmament that got nowhere (it was Christian theology and polity that ultimately triumphed, rather than Christian ethics); when most of the gifted writers, feeling that this was no time for comedy, devoted their talents to sectarian controversy; when the need of unity was so generally felt that men in authority could set the police to enforce conformity of opinion, even in support of something they no more than half believed themselves; when many skeptical and intelligent men turned back to the old-time religion, not because they had faith in it, but because they felt that they ought to support it as a force for political and social stability. When the world was full of refugees; and the persecuted of today could sustain themselves by the faith that God was on their side, and that they would become the persecutors of tomorrow.

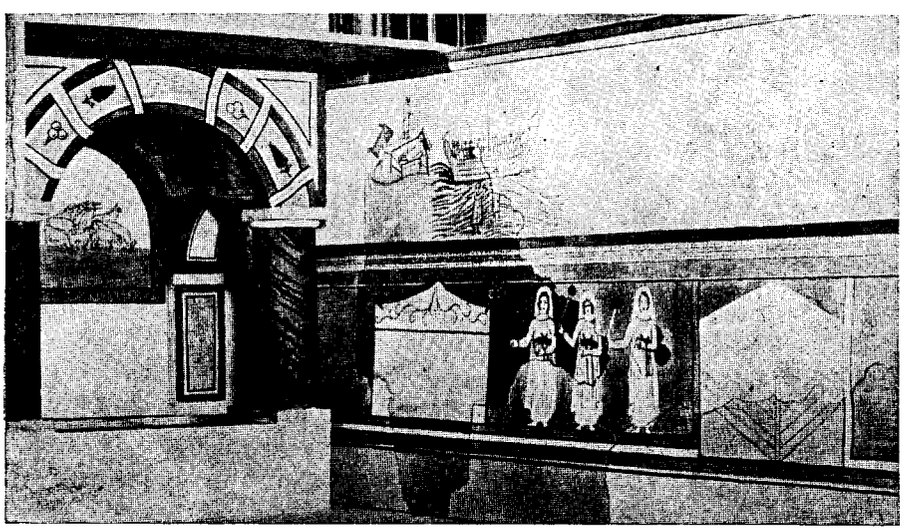


The Emperor Constantine

Eventually there was "recovery," but a recovery into Fascism—at least something that was Fascist in its economic and most of its political aspects. Diocletian's restoration, however, failed to provide the emotional uplift that Fascism offers as compensation for hunger and hard times; it was left for the age of Constantine to furnish that, with the ultimate satisfactions postponed to the farther side of Jordan. In the Manichaean cosmology this world was known as The Smudge, whose prospective erasure was contemplated with a satisfaction which once more begins to be as intelligible as it was in the third century.

These ominous similarities, inconceivable when the "Cambridge Ancient History" was begun, have left their mark here and there on the point of view of the writers of these concluding chapters—not always as optimistically as in Professor Alföldi's remark that the Gothic atrocities imply "no ethical inferiority of the German race, but the clash of two worlds at different levels of culture." On the whole, there are no startling novelties of interpretation; but this volume does complete a process that has been going on for years, and puts the capstone on the rehabilitation of the Emperor Gallienus—one of Rome's greatest men, than whom no man, till lately, ever got a worse break from history.

"In every art that he attempted," said Gibbon, "his lively genius en-



Third century Christian church at Doura: reconstructed model

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abled him to succeed and he attempted every art except the important ones of war and government." This verdict may survive the now unanimous opinion of sounder scholars and duller writers—that the survival of the Roman Empire, however changed, and of the Mediterranean civilization, however debased, was largely due to the undiscouraged persistence of Gallienus in precisely those arts which Gibbon damned him for neglecting.

He was the last gentleman who became Emperor of Rome, and he had the insight to realize that the day of the gentleman was over. His own class had neither force nor ideas left, only pride and privileges; so he ruthlessly excluded it from power and left the way clear for promoted top sergeants, who know what they had to deal with and how to deal with it. Accordingly he was damned as a traitor to his class, which unfortunately happened to be the class that wrote the histories; and having the misfortune to live in a time of unexampled calamity, he was blamed for not averting what nobody could have averted, and whose effects no other man did as much as he to counteract.

He commenced the indispensable thorough reorganization of the army and the civil administration, which was later completed by men who had more time to give to it than he could ever find. He, not Claudius II who got the credit, really stopped the greatest and most dangerous of the Gothic invasions; he laid the foundation on which the roughneck energy of Aurelian and Probus could restore the unity of the Empire; he might have done that himself if treason had not cut him off just at the moment when for the first time in fifteen years things were beginning to break right.

He kept his head when all about him were losing theirs and blaming it on him; but unfortunately he happened to be far more intelligent and sophisticated than his biographers, or most of his contemporaries. Disasters that were accomplished facts, no longer to be prevented, he turned off with wisecracks that nobody around him had wit enough to understand; he wrote amorous poetry, rather in the mood of Hemingway and Hammett; when he could snatch an hour or two from his job, he liked to talk to Plotinus about the things it would be fun to do if he could ever get around to them. Accordingly he has been written down not only as a tyrant, but as a lazy dilettante, by men who might never have had a chance to learn the alphabet but for the undissuadable industry and courage of Gallienus.

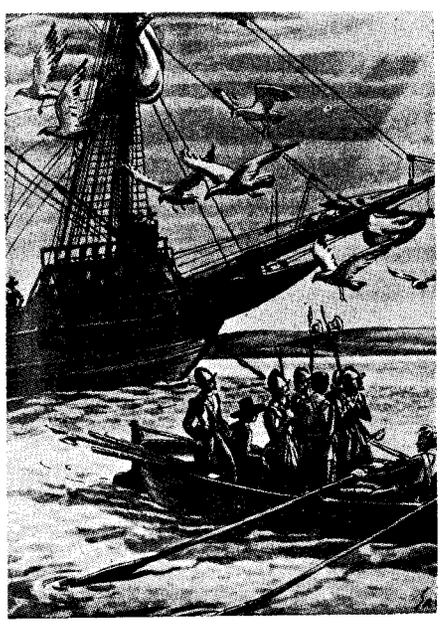
Reading the true history of this great man, one feels like standing up and taking off the hat. Naomi Mitchison ought to write a novel about him.

A People in the Making

AMERICANS. By Emil Jordan. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL

EMIL JORDAN'S book makes a contribution to that debate about the characteristics of nationalism which disturbs the middle period of the twentieth century. The philosophers of Nazi Germany, identifying nationality with race, have affirmed that the genius of the Reich resides in the pure German race. Mr. Jordan replies, in effect, that the genius of the Americas results from the fact that, since the beginning of human history, the Western hemisphere has been the home of many and varied ethnic stocks. He insists that the most important word in American history is "immigration."



The Britons—drawing by E. A. Wilson

Immigration began in the distant, shadowy past when bands of Asiatics made their way across the Bering Strait or along the Aleutian Islands from the Old World to the New. They and their descendants, whom Columbus misnamed Indians, overran the Western hemisphere. Many tribes flourished. The Mayas and the Incas achieved brilliant civilizations. The Mound Builders evolved an elaborate culture in what is now the United States and then disappeared, leaving an archeological mystery. Mr. Jordan devotes one fourth of his book to pre-Columbian America.

From an expanding Europe migrants began crossing the Atlantic at the end of the fifteenth century. In the two succeeding centuries Spaniards, Portugese, Frenchmen, and Englishmen were the most important immigrant stocks. Of these the Spaniards and the English established their mores in areas which together comprised most of the New World. Other ethnic stocks, such as the Dutch and Swedes, came from Europe to colonial America. Captured Negroes were brought by force from Africa. The nineteenth century saw the flow of outlanders into the Western hemisphere become a flood. Mr. Jordan has chapters on the Chinese, the German, the Irishman, the Scandinavian, the Italian, and the Jew. The book emphasizes immigration into South as well as into North America.

The author includes at the end of his volume a section which he calls, "Toward a New Human Type." He finds that ethnic confusion still prevails in Latin America. The Indian, whose culture has been but little changed as a result of contact with the Whites, still remains a factor of importance in the region south of the Rio Grande. In the mestizos of Mexico, the Brazilians, and the gauchos of the Argentine pampas new racial blends have appeared. In North America the elimination of the Indian has permitted the development of a greater homogeneity. Speaking primarily of the United States, Mr. Jordan raises the query:

> Is an American race, physically speaking, in the making? This question can hardly be answered in the affirmative. . . . American uniformity is based not so much on community of blood as on a more binding and integrating element: the communion of a self-made civilization. . . .

Mr. Jordan's method of presentation is impressionism. His strokes are broad and his material slight. He aims at picturesqueness and scatters through his pages brief descriptions intended to suggest the characteristics of various racial groups. He deals only superficially with the anthropological problems which compose the core of his book. He has studied the literature available on the many subjects with which he deals and appends to his volume a useful reading list as a guide for the person who wishes to dig more deeply into the problems outlined in the book. He has fallen into an occasional error of fact and sometimes hazards generalizations of dubious soundness. The book on the whole, however, summarizes in an interesting manner the more significant conclusions of contemporary scholarship. Edward A. Wilson has contributed a series of fine full-page drawings.

Ralph Henry Gabriel is Professor of history at Yale.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Description Then and Now

A MODEST little book* has just appeared that is interesting not alone for its content but for its implications. It is a description of the fittings and customs of the Victorian home, and reading it one is aware how completely the minutiæ of daily living of the Victorian era found portrayal in its literature. The present generation came too late to know at first hand the spatter work, the cattails, or the lambrequins, the twisted paper spills, the embroidered hassocks, and the ornate inkwells that decorated the living rooms of their grandparents; too late to stroll on lawns on which iron deer stood in ever-startled attention or stone dogs perpetually bayed the moon, or to share in the complicated ritual of the tea table, the custom of family prayers, and the interminable and elaborate banquets of the spacious Victorian home. But any reader, well-versed in Victorian fiction, is perfectly familiar with the routine of Victorian living and the paraphernalia of Victorian households. The novelists have seen to that. Writing for an age that was entering on that great industrial development which today has standardized equipment throughout the world but in which the privileged classes alone still enjoyed the material comforts and even conveniences that are now the possession of the humble, they were under compulsion to describe for the wide public a manner of life that many of their readers could never hope to know at first hand. Wealth divided the classes not only in social position but in fashions and customs and the only way through which the different sections of society could become acquainted with one another was through the medium of books. It was the novelist who taught Nellie at her sewing machine what the crystal-laden table of the plutocrat looked like and Julia O'Grady how the Colonel's lady deported herself at a ball. As to what the poor were doing in their cottages, that the Victorian novelists very circumspectly ignored as much as they could.

Our current fiction to a marked degree avoids the detailed description that was so important a part of Victorian literature. Naturally enough, for mass production has insured that the cook on her day out can wear a costume that differs from her mistress's only in the quality of its fabric and workmanship, and the movie has made familiar to the humblest housewife the furnishings and etiquette of the millionaire's home. The public has traveled a long road, indeed, since the early 1900s when an Ethel Thorneycraft Fowler could have her heroine, Isabel Carnaby, say that the problem of the proper fork to be used for the different courses at a fashionable party could be counted on as an unfailingly successful opening gambit for dinner-table conversation. Hollywood, supplemented by Emily Post and the popular magazine, has done its work so well that the movie producers of the present are forced to a most vigilant watch over the manner in which a dinner table is laid and a meal served lest the audience recognize and deride a lapse of convention.

The decline in the meticulous description of domestic arrangement and accoutrement is, to be sure, but another step in the elimination from literature of much that was once deemed essential to the proper setting of a story. It is now some considerable time since the novelists have ceased describing landscape at length, and increasingly the foreign city or even the distant home village is dismissed with brief portrayal. The prosperous world has traveled too much, and the less fortunate been too assiduous in its attendance at the cinema, not to be able to fill in for itself in great part the background of the stories which it reads. The connotation of names is constantly expanding until the novelist has but to mention the Alps or the Forum for his readers to register a knowledge of their appearance that has all the accuracy that photography can supply and far more reality than the most inspired description of the writer could convey. Costume, cathedral, market place no longer need description, for they have all been seen.

And yet description is not dead. What has happened is that its focus and character have changed. If the novel of the upper classes no longer feels the necessity of depicting in detail the trappings of comfortable life, since they, at least vicariously, are known to all, the proletarian novel on the other hand finds no object too mean for portrayal. Again the novelist is acting as the interpreter of society to itself and projecting for one part of it the life of another. Only, since his description is now of scarcity instead of abundance, it is lean in comparison with that of his Victorian forbear. The shift of emphasis from one group to another is reflective, of course, of the change that has taken place in the social consciousness since the Victorian age as well as of the familiarity of the masses with the appurtenances of the more favored sections of the community. So generations of the future will know how the sharecropper lived as well as the millionaire, and if not quite as much of the outward seeming of our times lives on in the books of our day, at least a more rounded view of life will be gleaned from fiction.

A. L.

* *HOME: A Victorian Vignette. By Robert Harling. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. $1.50.*

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights?

BY HILDEGARDE FLANNER

NOT she. Not freedom.
Not she, sublime and near the roaring stars.
Not she, caught pleated in museum stone.
She has the hero's eyes, the queenly spine,
Yet never poised her profile on a throne.

She proved herself of old, and still she does,
Sharp in the dirty bargains of despair:
And takes no chariots to great events
But goes on foot, and is not welcome there.

Calm when the cradle of our hope cries loud,
It is crescendo calm, that's history,
Till healing sweeps her sound on every sense,
A whisper, but the kind that drowns the sea.

Yet never conceive her as the warm consoler,
Baring her sterling bosoms for the crowd:
It takes a thinking man to reach her lap,
While all the feeble millions thirst aloud.

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Letters to the Editor: *What Hay Meant; Mr. Rosenfeld Replies*

"Intellectual Arrogance"

SIR:—I was interested to see on your letter page a letter from Gabriel Wells headed "What Hay Meant." John Hay's letter to William Herndon refers to Lincoln as a man of "intellectual arrogance." Mr. Wells calls it "a verbal slip—an overstepped word." He would rather use the term "intellectual assurance."

I am not writing you because I feel it necessary to unfurl the family flag (Hay was my grandfather) but because I had always thought of the term "intellectual arrogance" as being particularly appropriate in this instance. It isn't necessary to leap to Lincoln's defense because of certain disagreeable connotations of the word arrogance. No one would deny his humility. It is clear that Hay is not speaking simply of an isolated overweeningness.

Christ was the most intellectually arrogant man that ever lived, and so was Beethoven when he pounded hell out of his piano during a bombardment.

Arrogance and greatness, I believe, can and do co-exist, and to try and temper the term greatness into a kind of statuesque mould, awesome to the imagination, is to deny the inconsistencies of experience. All artists are arrogant before their creation. Lincoln was an artist.

JOHN HAY.

Washington, D. C.

"Unforgotten Years"

SIR:—There must be somewhere today a harassed soul searching for a weapon against almost unendurable din and distraction. Let him obtain Logan Pearsall Smith's "Unforgotten Years" and have this mellow book carry a quieting influence through his perplexed portals.

All he needs do is lose himself within its pages, and he will soon be bathed in heavenly tranquility.

LILLIAN FOGLER BARRINGTON.

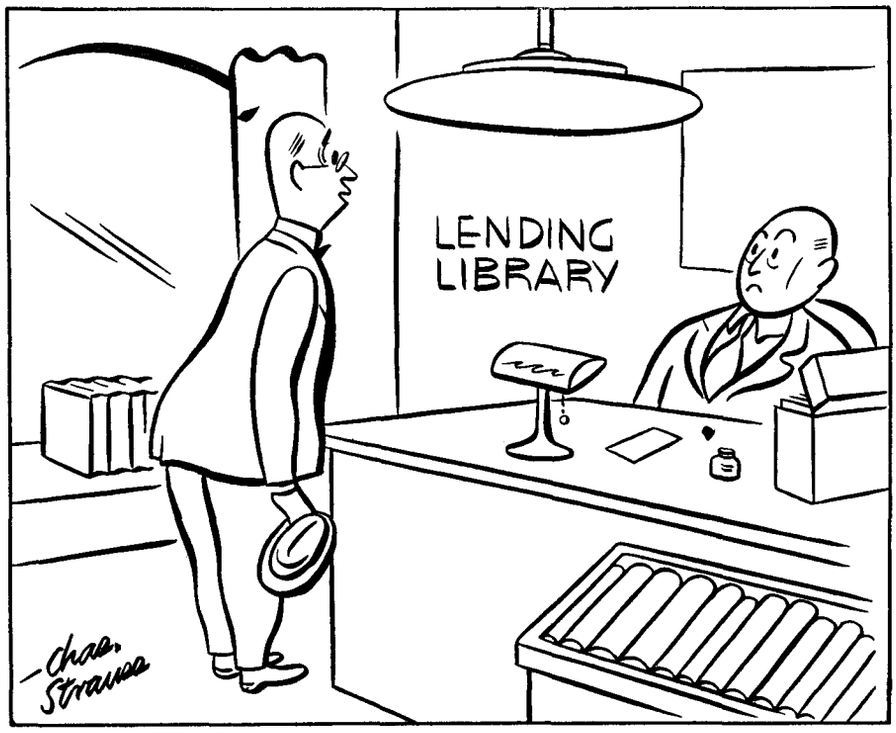
Great Neck, N. Y.

"The Road to Richmond"

SIR:—Mr. Benét's generous review of "The Road to Richmond" is very gratifying to me, and would be to my father were he alive. All that Mr. Benét says of my father I happily agree with. But when he says of me that I have a gift for uncovering source-material and cites as an example the LeConte journal, which this Press published under the title of "'Ware Sherman," he makes an error which I must hasten to correct. The LeConte journal was brought to this Press by Miss Caroline LeConte, who wished to discharge a duty to her father's memory as well as to make available his good work. I did no discovering; I was glad and proud to assist in making public a journal the values of which were already well appreciated by Miss LeConte.

HAROLD A. SMALL, *Editor.*

University of California Press,
Berkeley, Cal.



"Have you five dollars I could take out till Friday?"

"Finnegans Wake"

SIR:—Over the amusing pseudonym of Faugh An-Ballagh Faugh—an Irish friend tells me it is Gaelic for "Clear the way!"—Mr. Ford Madox Ford in your issue of June 3rd utters a friendly protest against what he calls the tepidity of my review of "Finnegans Wake." The review he considers "an attempt to turn readers from this masterpiece." Actually, it was only an attempt sincerely to express the judgment excited in me during my first encounter with the work. But I am not writing to excuse myself: I have no excuses to make: I am writing merely to point out that in eloquently trying to explain my review away and exalt Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Ford unconsciously has achieved certain minimizations of the new book which I for all my reservations concerning it cannot but think unfortunate.

It is Mr. Ford's idea that "to get the full joy out of Mr. Joyce's polychromaticfugal effects of language, one must have been brought up in either Jesuit or high Anglican neighborhoods, or in any of the vast territories that lie between those two extremes." My externality to this "pale" he holds responsible for my failure sensuously to appreciate the "wit and mysterious poetry" which he considers I have only "intellectually" perceived in the book. Entirely external to it I probably am: my attendance at Episcopalian services during five prep-school years and the almost successful attempts of a devout older friend to convert me at the most have given me only a relatively slight experience of the Church's faith and symbolism. But the point I am striving to make is that in claiming the full joy of "Finnegan's Wake" is communicable only to those impregnated with "the verbiage of the mass, the Book of Common Prayer, the Vulgate and the Authorized Version," Mr. Ford actually has invalidated his attribution of universality to the work and the claim that it has "mapped the verge of the word user's veritable universe." One of the characteristics of universal literature is its gift of what to all appearances is its full joy to men who never have lived in the special environments of its authors or shared their early disciplines. The languages of Euripides, of Vergil, and of Shakespeare are of an almost infinite resonancy, some of it indubitably the result of early associations of which we know practically nothing. Yet these reverberations to all appearances can be perceived by men who never lived the lives of Periclean Athenians, Augustan Romans, or Protestant and Elizabethan Englishmen. The reason is that when they wrote, these three poets felt the truth in its wellnigh universally human form and expressed it in wellnigh universally comprehensible symbols. And to say that "Finnegans Wake" can never

(*Continued on page* 20)

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The Third Writers' Congress

BY JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

OUT of the three-day sessions of the Third American Writers' Congress the observer, if not a majority of the delegates, gained a clear impression that the organization had attained its full maturity, and that without pretentiousness it might be said that the League would henceforth exercise a more definite influence in the international world of letters. If some delegates, rightly or wrongly, gained the impression at the two preceding congresses that the organization promised to be merely another footling league of writers eager to hear themselves talk to an audience, rather than to their typewriters, it may be said that the sessions just concluded showed a genuine breadth of view, both as to literature and politics.

There was an approach to unanimity on cardinal issues discussed, but it must also be reported that there was some provocative—and doubtless healthy—dissension. One faction held that the novelist or other literary artist required more than a political theme, that a "political novel" or a "proletarian novel," say, did not necessarily possess merit because of its theme. An opposed group insisted that the novelist today must inevitably escape greatness, and expect a deserved neglect, if he fails to seize as thematic material the social forces in conflict today. Doubtless the literary truth, at least so far as the novel is concerned, lies midway, but to at least one visitor the Congress this year was significant in that there was less bland acceptance of the proletarian novel as a work of excellence *per se*.

The delegates reëlected Donald Ogden Stewart as President, an honor that tireless gentleman richly deserved, and Thomas Mann was elected honorary president. The keynote of the three-day sessions was sounded Friday night by both Thomas Mann and Dr. Edouard Benes, both of whom spoke eloquently of the intelligent writer's compulsion to attack fascism and its suppression of virtually all forms of artistic expression. Dr. Mann spoke at some length of the plight of the exiled writer, and paid a moving tribute to his late colleague, Ernst Toller.

Possibly the most interesting, if not spectacular, session was that held Sunday at the New School for Social Research, where the aforementioned divergence of opinion clearly manifested itself. The opposing views of Wellington Roe and Benjamin Appel are perhaps illustrative. With reference to Ruth McKenney's "Industrial Valley," Mr. Roe proferred the criticism that "she would have done a better book if she hadn't made the communists knights in shining armor. . . . The book would have been stronger in its impact upon the liberal consciousness had it had less of that vehement optimism."

The opposite tack was taken by Mr. Appel in response. "If writers are to survive," he said, "we need more books like this. . . . We as writers can't exist at all if we don't link up with the Labor movement, and help to build it up in any way we can. . . . It is a difficult job, but a vital one."

Donald Ogden Stewart spoke, at the Saturday sessions, of the "Hollywood progressive movement." "The writers, actors, and directors," he said, to the astonishment and incredulity of many of his hearers, "have come to the realization that the social responsibility is theirs to protect the vast motion-picture audiences of the country against any possible use of the pictures by anti-democratic forces. On the positive side, the progressive groups in Hollywood have stimulated the producers into bringing the anti-Semitic question out into the open." In further reference to Hollywood, Robert Gessner, Professor of the Cinema at New York University, declared, "it seems that at last new blood and new intelligence are at work in the production of motion pictures. . . . A mature Hollywood has finally enough courage to dust off the script of 'It Can't Happen Here'."

At the fiction session held Sunday, under the chairmanship of Oliver La Farge, the principal speakers were Wellington Roe, Millen Brand, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and Louis Aragon. The last-named spoke extemporaneously, and, declaring that he was not to be identified as a proletarian novelist, held that far more than a political theme was essential to the literary artist. In virtual contradiction, Millen Brand maintained that "in order to get big characters you must use big themes." What might be described as the coda to this discussion was provided by Albert Maltz, who stressed that whatever the contemporary social scene, the novelist's first preoccupation must be with craftsmanship.

Other speakers at that session were Dorothy Brewster, Dashiell Hammett, Edwin Lanham, Richard Wright, and Christina Stead.

Among the resolutions adopted at the closing session was one that "it shall be the policy of the League of American Writers to lend material and moral aid to exiled writers by every means at our command, and to promote every attempt to turn the land of exile, wherever it may lie, into a second home, wringing from their misfortunes the benefits of that international solidarity which should properly begin within our own ranks."

Other resolutions expressed support of the Federal Work Relief program, the Wagner Act and National Labor Relations Board, the work of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, and the Wagner Health Bill. It was further resolved to "offer our coöperation wherever possible with the liberal, labor, and democratic forces within the British Empire in their efforts to obtain liberty and justice for the people of Ireland, the oppressed people of Palestine, whether Jews or Arabs, and the peoples of India, and other colonies."

In the course of the closing session, representatives of the Booksellers Guild of America distributed a questionnaire asking delegates to vote on the best published writing of the year. The largest number of ballots, for a fictional work, went to John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," in biography to Carl Van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin," in history to G. E. R. Gedye's "Betrayal in Central Europe," and in poetry to Kenneth Fearing's "Dead Reckoning." Ruth McKenney's "Industrial Valley" was given second place in the voting for historical books, and first place under the heading "other non-fiction."

The Poetry Session

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LAST Saturday morning—up early for a versifier—your correspondent arrived at the New School for Social Research on the dot of ten A. M. He was pleased to find some other poets not so prompt. Although the subject of the session was poetry as a craft, this was actually little discussed; but matters as important were propounded: poetry in its relationship to the people, poetry as a vehicle for ideals, and what poetry might accomplish in the theater, over the radio, and in alliance with music.

Vincent Sheean was the session's chairman and introduced first Jean Starr Untermeyer, who spoke on "The Poet's Responsibility." In bad times, she said, poets prophesy; poets have been prophets from Isaiah to Auden. They are dedicated to courage, and their function—for one thing—is to relate the material world and the moral law, interpreted in no narrow sense. Émile Beliveau, who spoke next on "Theater and Verse," pleaded for a new poetic theater.

B. W. Huebsch of the Viking Press

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then read a paper on the problems of publishing poetry, saying that in this century the poet possessed innumerable avenues to his audience and frequently had made a considerable reputation before his work was issued in book-form. He cited Whitman's dictum that to have great poets we must have great audiences, but advanced no particular theory for bringing the poet to his audience.

Amy Bonner, New York representative of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* read a letter from George Dillon, the editor, asking for reasonable and necessary support, and rehearsing *Poetry's* achievements. Ralph Hayes spoke of the problems of a new magazine of poetry, *The Wheel.* It is dedicated to young and progressive poetry.

Norman Corwin, speaking on "Radio and Verse," advanced radio as a new medium for poets, a new market, a new hope. He spoke of its penetrability and intimacy as a medium and its characteristic of foreshortening—so that a scene that could run ten minutes in a theater could stand only about fifty seconds on the air. He argued for simplicity and clarity.

Aaron Copland spoke next on "Music and Verse." The modern composer wants modern poetry that will induce in him new music for the world today. He said the intensely subjective poem is no good for choral literature, and that modern composers were now most interested in choral literature.

Dorothy Parker rose to confess that she was scared, and that her past wouldn't let her alone. She was supposed to speak on "Sophisticated Verse," but she thought sophisticated verse was dead. Why, she interrogated rhetorically, doesn't somebody tell us about the world of human beings? She believes that the songs of her day are as dead as Iris March. Finally she quoted Joe Hill's dying phrase, "Don't mourn me—organize!" But Earl Robinson, who followed her, and is surely as proletarian as they come, reminded us that Gilbert (not to mention Sullivan) still has a lot on the ball. Robinson, complete with guitar, gave a grand session of chorus and verse. He sang and recited the Negro epic of John Henry and his great battle with the steam-drill, out of the Lomax anthology. Among several others, he also sang the famous Abraham Lincoln song, with the words from Lincoln's first inaugural address, which he and Alfred Hayes collaborated on; and the famous Joe Hill song.

It was a stirring finale. The long program left no time for general discussion. They say—and the present writer can well believe it—that it is the best-attended and most stimulating poetry session the League of American Writers has carried through.

Slums in the Fields

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS: A Case History of the Industrial Revolution in America. By Constance M. Green. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1939. $4.

Reviewed by RUTH MCKENNEY

"THE history of Holyoke is the history of Massachusetts industrialism and all its social consequences," Constance Green says in the preface to her four-hundred-page study of a small-sized New England mill town.

Then in a dry, dispassionate, clinical style, Miss Green proceeds to set down one of the most horrifying stories written in years. Holyoke was a planned city—planned by a group of Boston financiers who built a dam across the Connecticut river and built mills or sold water power. A new industrial city rose late in 1850 directly from the farmers' fields—with no gradual transition from village to country town to city. The Holyoke city fathers, starting from scratch, had no old buildings to tear down, no entrenched real estate owners to fight. They owned the real estate and they put up the buildings.

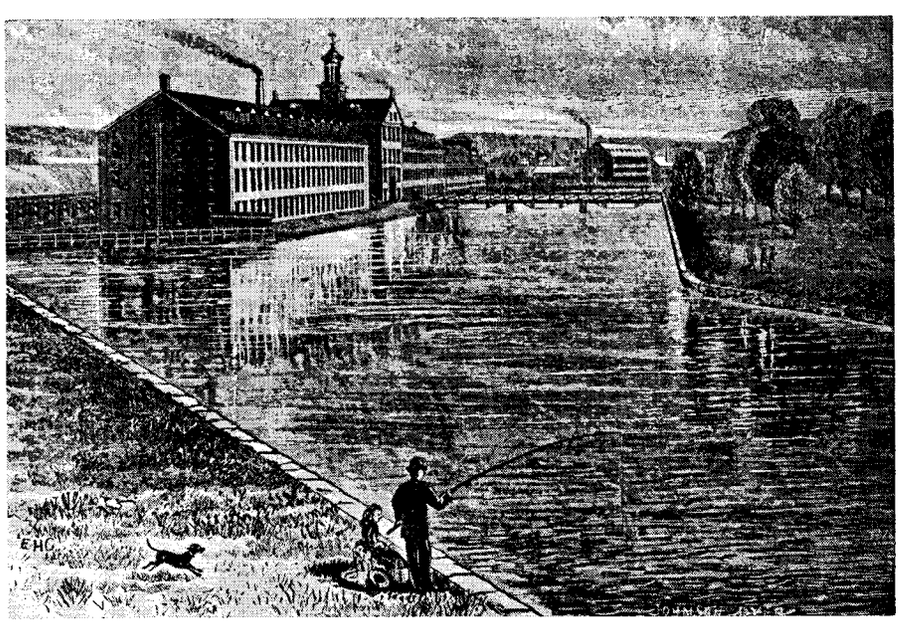
The results were downright terrifying. In ten years the Boston owners of the little city had made a hell-hole so frightful that the death rate approached that of the worst slum areas of New York City. The town manufactured cotton textiles, and a little after the first boom, paper. Cheap immigrant labor was herded into the dark four-story tenements (tenements, in the midst of farmers' fields!) Child labor flourished in all of the mills. The usual working day for the women and child operatives as well as for the men exceeded twelve hours. The agonized protests of the Irish immigrants were casually crushed—by closing the mills until the workers begged again for their miserably paid jobs.

In August, 1873, during one of the brief periods of prosperity, the *Transcript,* the conservative paper of the little town, published an article which began:

> There is one pitiful sight which we have seen night after night in front of the fruit and vegetable stands since green and ripe fruit came into the market. It is droves of poverty-stricken children, often girls, clad in only one or two ragged and dirty garments, down on their hands and knees in the gutters, greedily picking out of the mud and dirt and eating bits of spoiled and decaying fruit which have been thrown out as worthless. . . .

This was prosperity in industrial Massachusetts. Depression was much worse. At quite regular periods Holyoke, a cotton and paper town, was devastated by panic and money tightness. The mills closed. The Boston owners took a loss. And the Irish, French-Canadian, and Scotch-English immigrant population literally starved. The most harrowing part of Miss Green's book is the laconic description of the ups and downs in Holyoke's industrial history. For every time the Boston industrialists took serious losses, the illiterate, underfed, frightfully housed population saw death and starvation lurking in the future.

The dark picture of Holyoke is quite unrelieved. The town never enjoyed the advantages of the capital-



Holyoke factories about 1875

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ists' surplus wealth. The owners of the town lived far away from Holyoke, and if they spent some of their wealth on museums and schools and churches and charity, Holyoke never saw it. The owners built Holyoke ugly—they never even bothered to sow grass seeds on the plot marked "city square" in the original plans. And the owners kept Holyoke ugly. The city is situated among some of the most beautiful scenery of Massachusetts—a winding river, trees, rolling hills. But the population lived in airless tenements and were lucky to see a tree once a week, on Sunday. Why should the owners of the cotton mills and the paper mills bother to plant a tree in Holyoke? They didn't live there.

Miss Green takes her story only up to the early 1920s. It would be interesting to know whether the WPA has planted any trees in Holyoke or whether the CIO has organized the workers. The book would profit from even a brief epilogue. Outside of this omission, "Holyoke" is inclusive enough—its chief fault, indeed, lies in its "scientific" method. For Miss Green writes with such careful dryness, such precise lack of bias that I, at least, finally found the manner of the book infuriating. Must historians pretend they do not care whether children labor in the mills from sunup to sundown? Is it unscientific bias to attack city planners who erected tenements in the middle of farms? For my part, "Holyoke" would be a much more effective book with more fire and fewer footnotes.

Strangely enough, with all this emphasis on the scientific method, Miss Green does display a most unscientific bias in her handling of the history of organized labor in Holyoke. She presumes that the best labor unions are the ones which get along best with owners—a presumption open to question at least. She writes enthusiastically of unions which seldom called strikes and treats with casual lack of emphasis the succession of abortive, hopeless, tragic mill strikes that peppered Holyoke's early history.

Miss Green believes the workers did not effectively organize against the owners because they accepted with spiritless apathy the conditions they found in the New World. But she indicates in her own text that the owners could—and did, when necessary—starve their workers into any kind of submission.

"Holyoke" is a valuable addition to the growing body of knowledge about America. Its faults do not obscure its worth—its tragic story overshadows the manner of its telling.

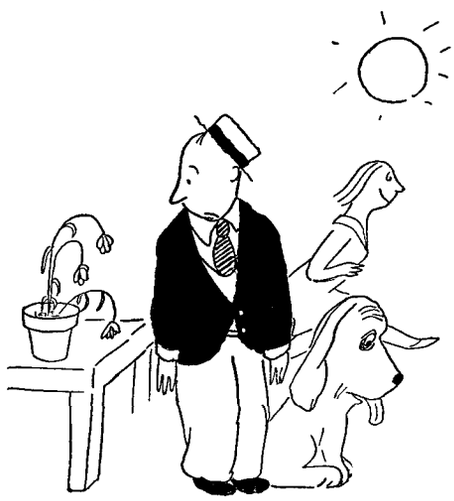
Ruth McKenney is the author of "Industrial Valley," an account of Akron, Ohio.

What the Man Will Wear, Maybe

MEN CAN TAKE IT. By Elizabeth Hawes. New York: Random House. 1939, $2.

Reviewed by GOULD CASSAL

HAWES is almost as bored with men's clothes as most men are. In 1936 she designed some emancipatory garments which were run up by Tony Williams in a limited edition. "Fashion Is Spinach" considered the problem briefly. "Men Can Take It," a bombshell that will upset the conservatives and perhaps inspire a few canny manufacturers, goes into the subject thoroughly. Indeed, Hawes covers so many related topics while preparing the background of her argument that she may become known as the Dorothy Thompson of designers. Like Miss Thompson, she combines a decided personality and a passion for reform with a penchant for declaration on many subjects which seem slightly outside her province. Such wild-eyed crusading, however, often increases the liveliness of the book.



Drawing by James Thurber for "Men Can Take It"

Clothes as clothes are thrust aside for almost too much of the time while Hawes ponders the subversive influences which persuade men to stick to their routine hats and suits. Only by prodigious self-effort, she contends, can men free themselves from their medieval attire. They must fight their conditioned educations, middle class tradition, jealous wives, and collegians who garnish rather than make styles. There are also the manufacturers, merchants, and retailing associations who fully realize that the finicky changes they call Fashions for Men are more compatible with profits than a comfortable, stylized costume.

Hawes has no startling innovations on hand, but she enthusiastically recommends slack suits for summer wear. She is so positive about their virtues that more than one male reader will be prompted to buy one. (A check-up recently made at the World's Fair revealed that approximately every twentieth man was wearing such an ensemble in single or mixed colors). It is to be regretted that in this connection she does not apostrophize at greater length on workclothes. For comfort and grace, they are the envy of many men who must conform to type in offices.

"Men Can Take It" will have its reinforced binding tested by many conventional gentlemen this summer as they throw the book down; and fifty-five percent of the female population—herein castigated as spoiled and stupid creatures—will have hatchets out for Hawes. Altogether, a highly promising beginning for the men's style revolution Hawes humorously anticipates.

Viennese Music

MUSICAL VIENNA. By David and Frederic Ewen. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

THIS history of Viennese music as told against the background of the cultural evolution of the Hapsburg capital is a welcome sign that the principles of modern history writing have gained admittance to quarters heretofore hermetically sealed to literature and scholarship. But while the plan is laudable, the execution still falls short of standards established in other fields of the history of art. The student will be surprised to discover that the Messrs. Ewen date the history of Viennese music from the second half of the eighteenth century, although the ancient musical traditions of Vienna are known to every American concert-goer who has heard the celebrated Vienna Choir Boys. The reader will be no less disturbed by the stock sentences, typical of the old-fashioned, uninformed, and uncritical musical essayists: "Haydn was to lay the foundation for the German symphony . . . Gluck was to create the first great music drama . . . With Schubert the German Lied was born . . ." etc. The bibliography alone will convince the initiated that this book was put together in haste. Yet with all its faults, "Musical Vienna" may prove helpful and informative to a goodly number of people accustomed to the narrow field of musical appreciation, for it will teach them that music is a part of our cultural life, and not a pastime to be indulged in after dinner.

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Travel Notes

I. Return To Olivet

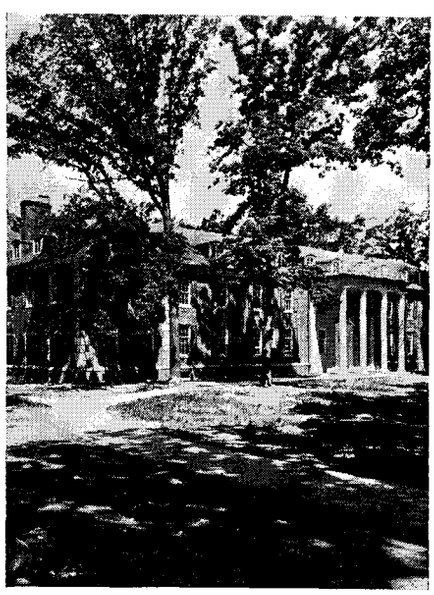
BY FORD MADOX FORD

(In this and following articles the writer will record various literary adventures that befall him in travels at home and abroad.)

WHEN we return to Olivet, which is in South Michigan, it invariably snows. It doesn't matter when the visit may take place; it can snow, in Michigan, in the dog days as well as in the Winter Solstice. It snows all through the night; the wet snow has all melted by sunset. Then it snows again. Michigan is the homeliest of all the States. Her face is that of a pock-marked Cinderella; nevertheless, shyly and deprecatingly, her soil is more loved by its native sons than that of any one of all the other forty-seven. When the Michigander talks of his home land, he has an expression of wistfulness like that of a son speaking of a mother who will not do him credit in public assemblies but who is infinitely loved. Her one great beauty is conferred by the luxuriant trees that shade all the streets of her villages.

The snows of Olivet are of two kinds. It snows vertically from the heavens, but, no less persistently, it snows horizontally through the mails and express companies—from Boulder, Colorado; from Baton Rouge, Louisiana; from Berkeley, California; from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Even from London, England. So that when the writer has waded through the drifts to his professorial office, he is unable without difficulty to enter its door because of the piled up snows of manuscripts, letters from authors, from publishers, from agents, from mothers who wish to know whether, considering the manuscripts accompanied by letters, this writer considers that their sons should be encouraged to enlist in the ranks of the pages of our Lord Apollo. Not infrequently one agrees. One accepts the responsibility of advising that these young things shall be encouraged to cultivate the Muses on a little thin oatmeal. That was the motto of the first Edinburgh Reviewers—*Musas coluimus perva tenui avena.*

It is, indeed, astonishing what a large proportion of the efforts of these writers from nearly all the country, south of, say, Detroit, is really readable matter. If you were let loose in this writer's office study at Olivet, you would find enough matter to keep you in literature of escape for a long time—even if only because of all you would learn of the lives of the innumerable strata and classes that go to make up this immense republic. In a recent week this writer found himself kept away from his usual avocations by (*One*) a manuscript remarkably projecting the life of the richer Negro class—the doctors, clergy, bankers, lawyers—in the suburbs of a large provincial city; (*Two*) by an equally vivid projection of what happens to the inhabitants of a locality when by means of political intrigues the course of a state road between two points is diverted. Along the original stretch of road the garage proprietors, hotel and store keepers, and a whole small tribe of men and women operating services



A dormitory at Olivet College

of one kind and another are quite ruined, another set along the new road being favored—but not so much favored as all that—by fortune. And (*Three*) the adventures and reflections of an Episcopalian minister who, at the age of sixty, abandons his cure and, becoming a hobo, travels preaching for years and years all across the surface of the States. And all these manuscripts are pithily written, conducted with a certain view of coming to a climax—what the French call *progression d'effet.* And all are perfectly convincing. There is no reason whatever why every one of them should not be published to the profit of society. For the matter of that, four of this writer's students last week offered him short manuscripts, every one of which would be quite well worth publishing in any literary magazine—if any literary magazine existed in Anglo-Saxondom. And two of them—one of them by Mr. Philip Ewing and the other, Mr. Charles Fiske—would adorn the pages of any magazine, literary or profane, in the world. (We may as well mention the names of some of our unpublished writers so that readers may give themselves the pleasure of seeing whether those names won't again bob up in the tides of future literary history. I do not know that there is any law against this, though I will admit that the practice is novel.) There is in short, in the broad lands between Detroit and Denver and Berkeley and Baton Rouge, a hunger for expression that hasn't as far as this writer knows been paralleled anywhere at any time except when the Elizabethan theater flourished in London or the troubadours sang in Provence and the richer peasants of South Germany produced their matchless folksongs. It is really a folk literature flourishing in circumstances that you would say were the most unlikely.

There is, for instance, Mrs. E. E. Severence, a mother of five, from Illinois who in Lansing, Michigan, gets up every morning at four to write away at a novel, getting her day's work finished in time to get her children ready for school. And in these last years, she has produced a novel of primitive Egyptian life of really extreme beauty, erudition, and convincingness. Whether "The Death of Ikhnaton" will ever get published only the publishers who decide the matter of the life and death of novels shall tell us. But there in the corner of the homely surface of the State of Michigan burns quietly a great gem of sand and sunshine and palms and the Nile.

Or again in a suburb of Chicago there sits writing Mrs. Wanda Tower Pickard. This lady has a gift of ironic observation of the male that makes her manuscripts—the publishers having hitherto frowned upon her efforts! —that makes her manuscripts, then, some of the most exciting things that this writer has, in his long pilgrimage, come across. She is engaged in chronicling, sardonically and with a gay lack of regret, the passing of a whole parasitic society on the shores of a lake. These things are worthy of the attention of mankind.

Or again, in Kalamazoo—and there really is a place called Kalamazoo with colleges and banks and a Main Street and paper mills and celery fields and a country club—sits Mrs. Helen McColl writing her novel of United States Army life. It should, I imagine, take the skin off quite a large proportion of the artillery arm of the descendants of the A.E.F. It is a work of a Rabelaisianly diabolical innocence of observation—of the male. No such men were ever before

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fustigated, dissected, and laid bare before you.

As against that, you may set the "Forward, Children" of Mr. Paul Alexander Bartlett, who writes in the deserts down Arizona way. This is the projection of the life of a fighting soldier in the A. E. Tank Corps in France. It is so to the life that for some days after reading it, the writer's nights were rendered heavy by the return of the lugubrious dreams that for years after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles attended on his slumbers. When you read "Forward, Children" you *are* in a tank crawling amidst unspeakable din and unthinkable pressure up the sides of houses, and down the banks of dried-up canals, crashing through the walls of factories. The writer's London publisher, who has shown his predilection for American fiction to the extent of commissioning the second volume of Dr. William Carlos Williams's amazing novel "White Mule," comments upon Mr. Bartlett's book that, admirable as it is, it is five years behind the fair. But, in order to give its writer an opening in the London market, he would be very glad to take an edition in sheets if an American publisher can be found for it. An American publisher apparently can't be found for it. And that is a great pity; if not on artistic grounds then at least for the public weal this book should be published and widely circulated. The tank will be the major arm of defense in the next great international, internecine struggle. Sixty per cent of male humanity of military age may expect in the case of a World War to see it from the inside of a tank. It would therefore be a good thing if they and their womenfolk and children could see what being inside a tank under fire is really like. There might, then, not be another war. The publishers, however, stand in the way of this desirable consummation.

That brings us to the reverse of the medal. Here is this whole half-continent really seething with literary ambitions and competence. Here sits this writer recommending—and sometimes very strongly—book after book to the publishers. His answers from those gentlemen—all of high standing since this writer approaches only publishers of the highest standing—his letters, then, from those gentlemen, one after the other, read like this one selected at random from nearly two hundred similar letters:

Dear Mr. Ford:

I am sorry to say that we are unwilling to publish the highly unusual collection of stories by Eudora Welty. These highly developed, sensitive, elusive, tense and extremely beautiful stories will certainly a p p e a l to discriminating readers but we haven't the hope that it would be possible to sell even the modest first edition of the book.

I appreciate greatly your kindness in sending the manuscript to us. We might have been able to give you our decision sooner but many of us were eager to read the manuscript and read it carefully.

Sincerely yours,

.....

Could the wildest imagination of any one unknowing what goes on in our markets have produced, as an extravaganza, such a letter?

A publisher is a privileged tradesman. He is protected by the strong arm of the state from infringement of his rights. His implied contract with the Republic is that he will, in return, benefit the body politic by devoting at least a part of his profits to the amelioration, the sweetening, and the strengthening of the public imagination. How then can he pretend to fulfill his function if he professes himself unable to sell "even a modest first edition" of a work that he characterizes as "highly developed, sensitive, elusive, tense and extremely beautiful?" And what is to become of both branches of Anglo-Saxondom—since the London publishers also take the same line over the work of Miss Welty—if this state of things continues?

The policy of deciding choice of manuscripts in conferences militates very strongly against courage in selection. Chief reader (a) strongly recommends a book for its wit, its courage and its lucidity. But reader (b) says the book has no chance because some of its characters are Jewish or Negro. Reader (c) says the book has no chance because the scene is laid in Chicago. Reader (d) thinks the book has no chance because the public regards wit, courage, and lucidity as parts of a highbrow outfit.

The heaven-sent combination for publisher and young writer is that of a chief reader of determined tastes and a salesman of second sight. Such was that of the late Edward Garnett and David Rice in the house of T. Fisher Unwin in the nineties of last century. This house was largely responsible for the present state of the literary psychology. Mr. Garnett had an unsurpassed flair for the discovery of new writers of genius and for those who were likely, whilst possessing a little authentic talent, to become best-sellers. He "discovered" Conrad, Galsworthy, Crane, Hudson, Doughty, the present writer, John Oliver Hobbes, S. R. Crockett, Mademoiselle X; still more, he flooded our Western world with the writings of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Turgeniev, Alexeiev, Gorky. Before sending each book to the printers, he showed the manuscript to David Rice, a Scot, large, blond, and genial but with a steely, hypnotic eye. Rice smelt and otherwise tested the manuscript and announced how many copies he could sell. Thus, Mr. Garnett knew where he was. And Mr. Rice kept his word—with the most unsaleable as with the most saleable of works. He could sell anything, though afterwards his victims, the booksellers, might tear out their hair. The writer once mentioned the name of David Rice to Mr. Sanders, the president of the great London bookselling house of Truslave and Hanson. Mr. Sanders said: "David Rice! Come with me." And he led the writer to a room about nine feet by thirteen in size. Its walls were entirely lined by books. "There," said Mr. Sanders tragically, "every one of those books was sold to me by David Rice and every one of them is completely unsaleable. Every time Rice sells me a book I take an oath never to buy another from him. And every time he comes into the shop I buy his books by the three or four dozen, thirteen counting as twelve."

Nor did Mr. Rice's gifts confine themselves to the bedeviling of booksellers. The writer was once walking with him through a wood near Limpsfield, the property of a Mr. Alexander, a hard-bitten, very wealthy stockbroker. It was before the opening of the pheasant season. Rice took out his pocket catapult (beanshooter) and with it shot a cock pheasant through the head. He picked up the bird and wrapped it rudimentarily with bracken fronds. As we walked further, we conversed about booksellers, and Mr. Rice gesticulated freely so that the bracken fronds fell away and the pheasant in all the glory of its plumage dangled from his hand. Presently we met Mr. Alexander. Rice went on talking: about the desirability, the almost necessity of establishing a good bookseller's shop in Limpsfield village, which, like the pheasant, belonged to his interlocutor. Mr. Alexander agreed with him. He agreed with him cordially and at some length, his eyes all the while on the pheasant in David Rice's hand. Before we parted Mr. Alexander had agreed to open a first class bookseller's shop in Limpsfield. I ought, perhaps, to make the note that shooting pheasants out of season in England is a crime and the carrying them away when shot is the most serious offense known to rural law in England. Mr. Alexander never even mentioned his pheasant.

That is the sort of spirit that is needed for the sale of books by beginners of genius. But, unless some house of that description can be established in this country, I do not see that there is much hope for English literature.

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The Human Emerson

(*Continued from page* 4)

be, he was resolved also to go. What then? A career in letters, perhaps? Ellen was skeptical, he knew, of her chances for life, and in his own pained heart he admitted the validity of her conjecture. He had scant time to meditate on his own doubtful health; his thoughts were of Ellen. Why must sickness and sorrow steal into the fold of the world and prey on that which is most precious?

How quickly her gaiety of spirit returned, once she could win relief from pain! Though her voice still was hardly stronger than a whisper, she became again as playful and social as she had been when first she captivated him. His Queen of Sheba, he jokingly called her—she was scarcely seventeen—for had she not proved him with hard questions, and tested his qualities?

At the end of January he accepted the offer of Old North. One sentence in his letter might have been dictated by doubts other than those arising from modesty alone. "In a short life," he wrote, "I have yet had abundant experience of the uncertainty of human hopes."

Ellen was well enough to attend his ordination. She and her mother lingered in Boston through April before leaving Waldo, as he told his brother, again a forlorn bachelor. "Oh, she is fairest, virtuosest, discreetest, best!" he exclaimed, borrowing Milton's phrases.

"Waldo goes to Concord, N. H., tomorrow to see the seasons, he says," wrote his brother Charles, that June, "but we know there are fairer flowers than those of the fields."

Ellen was gay and bright on his arrival. Then, with hideous suddenness, she was struck down in the old way. How perfectly happy he had been; how changed, now, everything had become, and himself watching and fearful!

But an excursion to the White Mountains, in late summer, worked miracles. Waldo arranged his affairs to permit his accompanying Ellen, and together the engaged couple drove two hundred miles or more in an open chaise, Ellen's mother following an hour or two behind in a carriage to provide a retreat should there be rain. Surely this gypsy journey through the White Hills was better for Ellen than the hot little room at home! Past Winnepesaukee rolled the chaise, with the Sandwich Range and Chocorua Mountain ahead; through Conway, with Mt. Washington still wearing his cap of clouds. Chill air in these mountains, but air full of vitality and sparkle. In Canterbury, at the outset of their journey, they had paused at a Shaker community. One of the sisters, exhorting the lovers, delivered a long and earnest sermon on the beauties of virginity. Could they not be dissuaded from this sinful purpose of living after the way of man and woman? As Waldo courteously parried these persuasions, the thought rose in him that these Shakers, though well meaning, were for the most part a set of dull, incapable creatures.

In September, at Concord, in the big old mansion of the Kents, Waldo and Ellen were married. Emerson's brother William, brought along to serve as best man, was left to himself in a far from happy plight while the lovers whispered honeyed words above stair. For three weary days, in the living room full of strange people, he manfully did the social honors. "These lovers are blind—purblind these lovers be"—William scribbled to a classmate—"I forgive them freely."

That winter the couple lived in furnished rooms while Emerson learned his pastoral duties. He also made excursions to fill pulpits in distant towns, and Ellen liked to accompany her husband. Once they traveled from New Haven to New York by boat—a stormy passage down the Sound with a gale from the Southwest. The tempest grew so severe that the ship was forced into Norwalk Roads, where she lay at anchor while the passengers huddled in the insufferable mephitis of the cabin as the rain burst over the decks. Emerson bit his lip to think he had got Ellen into such a predicament. But she refused to listen to any plea for an interruption of the journey. At Philadelphia, the hemorrhages returned.

Back in New England, that summer, it was again impossible to see ahead. There were new attacks of the deadly enemy. These distresses, reported Emerson's brother, cast trouble and anxiety over Waldo's prospects. Once more he was ready, if need be, to break all bonds and carry Ellen to the South.

In October, she was mending; her doctor counseled against a journey. Ellen and Waldo, ready to hope again, decided to leave mere lodgings and set up housekeeping. But January was a cruel month. Waldo, anxious and weary, nursing Ellen and waiting at her bedside, could scarcely write coherent reports. She was so terribly ill! On Tuesday morning, February 8, she died—Ellen who outshone all beauty, yet knew not that she was beautiful. A strange gladness blended with Waldo's grief, gladness that she had won release. No longer would her lungs be racked and torn, her face scalded with her blood. But as the weeks dragged past, as others forgot this loss and grief and common things went on, he felt his solitude the more. "Her loss is a universal loss to me. It makes all life little worth and I go backward to her beautiful character for a charm that I might seek in vain through the world." He resolved to give up his pastorate. Differences between his ever widening views and the stricter opinions of the church had long troubled him. Ellen's going made the decision easier. Soon he was off for Europe to defeat the ruin which threatened him.

Presently he had won his victory and built his fortress of security, a stronghold of self-reliance that was destined to serve not merely himself but many men. And later he remarried, taking to wife Miss Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, a highly intelligent yet almost painfully modest young woman with a sibylline quality and an unconscious nobility of character. "Do not think me a metaphysical lover," Emerson had protested during his courtship. "I am a man, and hate and suspect the over-refiners." Yet to his brother he admitted entering this engagement in a mood far different from the heady delight of his first love. This present love, he wrote, was a sober joy.

Lidian and Emerson settled in Concord, had children, and lived their lives. When he traveled on his lecture tours, he loved the detailed news of home which his wife sent him. And he replied with husbandly greetings and with accounts of the sights he saw, the people he met. These letters served for all the household, and could be passed round among the Concord neighbors. But what, begged Lidian, of that special, longed-for letter, that personal message which should bring the warmth she craved?

Emerson blamed his heart when he read her plea. How sorry he was, yet what could he do or say? "Ah, you still ask me for that unwritten letter always due, it seems, always unwritten, from year to year, by me to you, dear Lidian—I fear, too, more widely true than you mean—always due and unwritten by me to every sister and brother of the human race. I have only to say that I also bemoan myself daily for the same cause—that I cannot write this letter, that I have not stamina and constitution enough to mind the two functions of seraph and cherub, oh no, let me not use such great words—rather say that a photometer cannot be a stove." One thing, though, he could plead: "Am I not, O best Lidian, a most foolish affectionate goodman and papa, with a weak side toward apples and sugar and all domesticities, when I am once in Concord? Answer me that."

Townsend Scudder, III, is the author of "Jane Welsh Carlyle."

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London Book-Talk

BY JOHN HADFIELD

BRITISH publishers and booksellers are seriously concerned with the development of book clubs. Originally there was one, the Book Society, which supplied about 10,000 members with its monthly selection at the ordinary published price. Now there are more than ten clubs; and all except the Book Society sell their monthly selection to members at two shillings and sixpence—less than seventy-five cents. The first of them to adopt this low price, the Left Book (with about 50,000 members), is now accepted as a primarily political institution, though the official Labor Party, nervous of the L.B.C.'s communist tendencies, has started a rival organization. Two other clubs, Reader's Union (25,000 members) and the Liberal Book Club, work in harmony with booksellers. But in recent months there has been a sudden increase in the number of clubs sponsored by those enterprising booksellers, William and Gilbert Foyle, assisted by William's famous daughter, Christina Foyle. Beginning with a Right Book Club, they now have a Travel Book Club, a Religious Book Club, a Garden Book Club, a Children's Book Club, a Detective Book Club. Besides these, there is their general club, "The Book Club," with a membership approaching 100,000.

Publishers and booksellers, whilst willing to encourage an extension of the reading public, have been anxious lest these cheap-price book clubs should undermine book prices in general. Regulations have been framed, stipulating that a year should elapse after ordinary publication before a book is issued at 2s.6d. by a book club, or that there must be a standard ratio between ordinary price and book club price. These regulations have not proved effective; and at the end of April it became known that Louis Golding's novel, "Mr. Emmanuel," to be published in the ordinary way at 7s.6d. in May, was to be issued by "The Book Club" at 2s.6d two months later. This was regarded by booksellers as a dangerous precedent; "sanctions" were threatened; and "Mr. Emmanuel" was withdrawn from "The Book Club's" program. This is a victory for collective security in the book trade; but the future is uncertain.

There can be no doubt that the cheap-book-club habit is spreading rapidly amongst the reading public. It has great possibilities for good; but there is a limit to the number of book clubs that can operate successfully, and each one can only issue twelve books a year. The danger is that one or two of the clubs may become so powerful that they can cut out the publishers, commission their own books to be written by well-known authors, and, with an assured market for 200,000 or more members, snap their fingers at the orthodox book trade. Meanwhile the public may become reluctant to pay normal prices for books, and there will be immense sales and publicity for the few club "choices." It would then become increasingly difficult to publish other books economically, to offer prospects of success to young and not yet popular authors, and to sustain the precarious financial situation of the bookstores. Although the battle of the book clubs is a "trade" issue, it has grave implications for literature.

"Mein Kampf" still heads the best-seller list; but Douglas Reed's "Disgrace Abounding," which can apparently find no American publisher, owing to its anti-semitic flavor, follows close on the heels of the Führer. As Nora Waln's "Reaching for the Stars," Gedye's "Fallen Bastions," and Martha Dodd's "My Years in Germany" are also high in the list, five of the first seven best-sellers deal with Germany. The other two are American novels, "Dynasty of Death" and "All This and Heaven Too." And we cannot even defeat Italy or Jugoslavia at football.

Meanwhile the Prime Minister, whose own book, "The Struggle for Peace," is just published, has been talking at the annual banquet of the Royal Literary Fund on his love of escapist literature. "Unfortunately," he said, "I can never settle down to a book for more than twenty minutes before someone comes in and interrupts me, saying 'He's done it again'." In those precious twenty minutes the authors he reads are the elder Dumas and Joseph Conrad.

With Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill also competing against professional writers, a change has come over literary fashions, especially in hats. The time-honored bohemian attire—wide-brimmed velour, flowing tie and cape—as standardized by such characteristic figures as Chesterton and Yeats, is giving way to stylish Foreign Office homburg, formal business dress, and neatly-rolled umbrella. No longer is the Saville-Row-tailored author, like Somerset Maugham or Sir Hugh Walpole, an exception to the general unruliness. It is the big banker, nowadays, who affects the habits of Montparnasse.

Perhaps this increasing vogue for formality is responsible for the lack of understanding of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." Harold Nicolson, for instance, declares that "it induces complete anaemia of the brain." Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty (an immaculately dressed man, despite his willful writing) describes it as "the most colossal leg-pull in literature since McPherson's Ossian."

Literary folk become increasingly preoccupied with affairs. It is rumored that J. B. Priestley is to stand for Parliament; Ian Hay has become public relations officer (a very efficient one) to the War Office; two well-known publishers have joined the National Service Committee; and all the younger critics who have been attacking his poetry for years are now wooing the affections of Humbert Wolfe, who is believed to have been designated chief of the Ministry of Propaganda in the event of war.

Author of "Ramona"

HELEN HUNT JACKSON. By Ruth Odell. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

HELEN HUNT JACKSON may or may not have been serious about wanting her life story written. At any rate, she did go so far as to suggest that if anyone were to be given that task after her death it should be her old friend, Hamilton Wright Mabie. Members of her family, however, discouraged everyone who wanted to try a biography, and Mr. Mabie died without tackling the job. This book of Miss Odell's is therefore the first full-length account of "H. H." to be written since her death fifty-four years ago. It is painstaking, earnest, and scholarly. As a reference volume, complete with bibliography and index, it is unquestionably useful and valuable. Unhappily it is also very dull reading indeed.

Twice in her book Miss Odell seems to forget the scholar's approach and succeeds in writing prose that is shrewd, lively, and to the point. One such occasion is her summing up of Helen Hunt Jackson's life and work, when she makes the point that "H.H." sold her birthright, the "sweet kernel" of New England Puritanism, for the sake of a too easy, too early, too rapid success. The other is the analysis (a masterfully handled brief) of the Pollitt theory that Emily Dickinson's lost lover was Edward Bissell Hunt. This is also a short passage, but its precise and relentless logic should put an end to that story forever.

For the rest of the book, it is a careful, conscientious, orderly, and dry setting-down of the facts of "H.H.'s" life, thoroughly supported by documentary and other evidence, sometimes mildly argumentative in tone, never by any chance gay or sparkling, as its subject must often have been. The reader, indeed, is likely to feel that Miss Odell took special pains to avoid being bright about "H.H.", and to wonder why. Perhaps a few who have interested themselves in the relationship between fact and fiction in "Ramona," for example, will find something to catch their attention in the chapter which deals with the writing of that novel. But the general reader is likely to fight shy of Miss Odell's solemn to-do about her subject.

Joseph Henry Jackson is literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. *His new book, "Tintypes in Gold," will be published this month.*

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Leon Bloy: Ungrateful Beggar

THE WOMAN WHO WAS POOR. By Léon Bloy. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

BETWEEN 1892 and 1917, the year of his death, Léon Bloy kept a journal which was published at intervals, in eight volumes, with different titles. The first of these, "Le Mendiant Ingrat," which admirably describes the series and its author, appeared in 1898, one year after the first publication of "La Femme Pauvre," the novel now translated from the scatological original into decorous English by I. J. Collins. The translator duly apologizes for his squeamishness, although none of our current exponents of the "Anglo-Saxon" monosyllables would have been deterred by Bloy, even if disgusted by his deliberate and unnecessary blasphemies. But as this book is described as having had "an immeasurable effect on all European Catholic writing," the task of making Bloy acceptable to English-speaking, Catholic puritans was a delicate one, and Mr. Collins has done very well.

Whether one calls Léon Bloy "an ungrateful beggar"—with the British implications of that term—or prefers the more pious form of "the ungrateful mendicant," the fact remains that he was all his life an abusive, ungrateful parasite, a past master of vituperation, a foul-mouthed fellow, and according to the testimony of friends who were not impressed by his peculiar form of pathological piety, an incurable lecher. "The Woman Who Was Poor" is the second of his two autobiographical novels, of which the first, "Le Désespéré," published in 1887, would have been an even tougher problem for a translator engaged in presenting Léon Bloy as a model of true Catholic piety. By the way, Mr. Collins observes in a footnote that the only edition of this book authorized by the author is the out-of-print first edition of 1887, although in that year another edition was issued with a special postscript to a friend, and in 1913 it appeared with a new preface by the author and a dedication to Jacques Maritain, whom Bloy converted to Catholicism. Of course, the ungrateful beggar, as was his wont, may have been paid for these and then denied all responsibility for them. But, if the Bloy legend is to be created in English, it is just as well to get some of the facts straight.

Until his marriage to the daughter of a Danish author, Léon Bloy had apparently a natural proclivity for street-walkers, two of whom provide the essential basis of his two autobiographical novels. One of them imagined that she was Mary and he was Joseph and their sordid love-making was spiced with this blasphemous condiment. The poor creature, having prophesied the Second Coming, in which Bloy was to play an important part, finally went completely insane and was locked up in a lunatic asylum. Many of his friends charged that his pathological mentality plus their carnal raptures played no small part in unbalancing whatever fragments of a mind the woman may have possessed. Another prostitute served for part of the portrait of the heroine of "The Woman Who Was Poor"—the other half being borrowed from his wife!—just as her predecessor became the heroine of "The Man Who Was Desperate."

The present volume contains one of his most famous eulogies of the street-walker as alone capable of sainthood. Bloy was very definitely *persona non grata* to the respectable clergy of his time. In fact, once when he went on a holy pilgrimage with one of his women, they were asked to leave the place for conduct unbecoming to its sacred associations. This did not prevent him from claiming to be the one true upholder of the Holy Faith. His type is a difficult one with which to sympathize, unless one is at least tinged by his peculiar theological obsessions. He was poor all his life, because he had an incomparable talent for losing friends and alienating the very people who might have helped him. He could not work on Catholic papers. He quarreled with Huysmans (the writer most akin to him) with Barbey d'Aurevilly (whom he would have liked—and tried—to emulate), with Ernest Hello, with almost all his early friends. Then he tried to make a virtue out of poverty, as being something holy, while he revealed in every thought an intense personal hatred and envy of those who had any financial success.

What, then, is the importance of Léon Bloy? Is he readable? The answer is yes, if one is not bored or disgusted by his religious ravings, for which, as I say, a certain theological bias is necessary to induce either horror or respect. Every religion has its own peculiar forms of blasphemy; certainly John Bunyan could never have written "Là-bas," nor would Mr. Gibbon or Colonel Ingersoll derive any "kick" from a Black Mass. "I do not care a damn for the Index," said Bloy, using a much stronger expression, which I have toned down, following the example of his present translator. This was characteristic of him and expresses that side of Bloy which all admirers of vigorous invective and brutal satire will appreciate. A man who can call one volume of his Journal "Quatre Ans de Captivité à Cochons-sur-Marne," an untranslatable phrase, to describe his life on the outskirts of Paris, is worth reading. This novel is full of excellent talk about art, literature, and music; it contains a marvelous picture of Huysmans (by an ex-friend) and a lively portrait of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam.

It will be hard for the non-French and non-Catholic reader to grasp the hold that Bloy could have on men like Péguy, and that he should have led Jacques Maritain back to Mother Church will baffle most admirers of that subtle, first-class mind. There was nothing subtle and nothing first-class about Léon Bloy, and his detestation of the respectable Catholic literati, Bourget, Brunetière, and so forth was heartily reciprocated. But, for better or for worse, he belongs to that curious group of belated romanticists: Ernest Hello, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and Huysmans. He deserves as much attention, at least, as they do.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 271)

J. R. LOWELL:
"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"

'Tis a woodland enchanted!
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Beyond sight or hearing
Of human annoyance
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And gurgles and flashes,
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Confiding its joyance.

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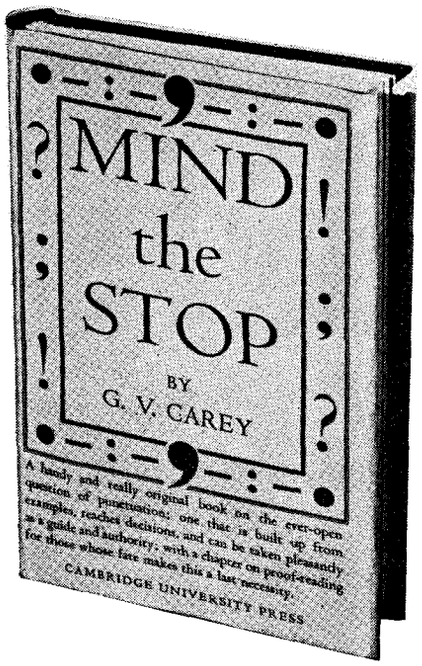
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It will be an excellent issue with which to start taking advantage of our trial offer—16 issues for $1.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
420 Madison Ave., New York City

Psychic Experiments

THE MYSTERY OF THE BURIED CROSSES. By Hamlin Garland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $3.75.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

In this book Mr. Garland relates a series of psychical experiments which he was led to perform with the assistance of a medium. He received communications from a number of voices, of which the principal one represented itself to be Father Junipero Serra, the great mission priest of California; and by following their directions he found a number of metal crosses, baked into adobe blocks which would be mistaken for ordinary rocks; according to Father Serra, these were pre-Christian Indian relics, which had been thus concealed from the white men. Mr. Garland tells his story with evident sincerity, but ramblingly, with all the repetitions and the intrusions of irrelevant voices which always occur in investigations of this kind; and like too many amateur psychicists, he draws no clear distinction between clairvoyance and telepathy, and between these powers and indications of the survival of the personality after death.

He constantly labors accounts of precautions which would show only that his medium was a genuine medium, which no one who has studied the subject would be concerned to deny; but though her revelations may have been supernormal, it does not follow that they come from departed spirits; they may be clairvoyant impressions, disguised by the unconscious as dreams are — a logical difficulty which Mr. Garland appears not to perceive. At one point in the conversation, the name of Kipling is mentioned by one of the observers, and Mr. Garland asks if Kipling is within reach. "He replied as instantly as if he had been waiting at a telephone booth, 'Yes, I am here'," and exchanges a couple of perfectly commonplace remarks. This is too like a dream described by (I think) Pierre Loti, in which some one warns the dreamer to beware of the wild dogs, and with the dreadful promptness of dreams the wild dogs appear—naturally, for once the dreamer conceives them as an idea, his dream will externalize them; and this punctual popping in and out of Kipling with nothing to say suggests a similar origin in some unconscious mind, individual or collective. Certainly a page by Kipling that sounded as if it were by Kipling would be a better intimation of immortality than any number of artifacts. But the subject of supernormal powers is one about which enough is now known to make it respectable, while enough is still unknown to leave it its peculiar fascination; and readers who feel its fascination will be interested in this contribution to the evidence.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Private investigator Campbell, on trail of missing man in Reno, encounters three murders, blood-thirsty bank robbers, and strange dark woman.	Murderer's identity almost too well concealed, otherwise banner example of tough-talking, hair-trigger school, with eerie graveyard finish.	First-class
THE SINGAPORE EXILE MURDERS *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Secret agents of several nations tear Orient loose in search for American's invention, but Hugh North thwarts 'em all.	You may get hopelessly enmeshed in the intrigue, but the action—and the women—will get you out pronto.	Top-notch thriller
DEATH IN THE NIGHT *Philip Ketchum* (Phoenix: $2.)	Nocturnal attempts on life of Midwestern banker lead him to call in sleuth George Clay—and then the holocaust begins.	Much bloodshed, intrigue, and rural scandal—along with some perceptive detecting, and bit of romance, packed into rather skimpy compass.	Quickie
Y. CHEUNG: BUSINESS DETECTIVE *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2)	Only murder involved is final solution—we hope—of encyclopedic Marceau Case. Major part of tale records discovery of business crookedness.	Typical Keeleranza of brain befogging erudition, fantasy, some (strangely) pretty sloppy writing, and info.-swiping device that is really unique.	For Keeler fans
THE NECESSARY CORPSE *R. C. Woodthorpe* (Crime Club: $2)	Youthful imbroglio of English dept. store magnate sets vengeful American gangsters on trail. N. Slade helps merchant dodge killers.	Except for sundry cops and thugs, few perish. Quinton's flight, masquerade, and girl secretary's radical activities are diverting.	Fantastic

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The New Books

Art

ALL THE BRAVE. Drawings of the Spanish War. By Luis Quintanilla. With a Preface by Ernest Hemingway. Modern Age Books. 1939. 95 *cents.*

The drawings are superb, the reproduction adequate. Quintanilla's work, savage, ironic, tender, infinitely delicate, is the pictorial analogue of the war-poems of Villa Moreno and Rafael Alberti. It is impossible to forget this beautiful nightmare of inhuman dead Moors, or more inhuman living Requetés, or dehumanized Nazi prisoners, of ruined buildings, of sprawling men and beasts, of women scurrying to shelter from a flight of bombers. The pictures do not need either Mr. Hemingway's preface (his indignation for once renders him painfully inarticulate) or the commenting text by Mr. Jay Allen and Mr. Elliot Paul. They are their own voice of accusation and warning for us all.

D. F.

Belles-Lettres

THE NOVELS OF JOHN STEINBECK: A First Study. By Harry Thornton Moore. Chicago: Normandie House. 1939. $1.50.

In the latter part of this rather badly scrambled little volume, Mr. Moore writes sadly (and awkwardly), "A man like Steinbeck presents a difficult combination to find the key to."

Unfortunately his "study" does not go very far toward resolving the combination. A kind of hodgepodge of criticism, biography, bibliography, and geography, the book shows chiefly its author's own muddled state of mind when he approaches his subject. He tries hard enough, to be sure. Once or twice he makes good points; notably when he suggests Steinbeck's greatest weakness, which is his tendency to push melodrama too close to the edge of out-and-out burlesque, and when he stresses the mystical quality of Steinbeck's writing. But for the rest, Mr. Moore's dogged pursuit of clues defeats his purpose. What he seems to have missed completely is Steinbeck's childlike sense of fun. Missing this, he has failed to find the most important letter in the combination for which he is searching.

This is not to condemn Mr. Moore wholesale. A good deal that he writes is valid; some of it is worth putting into print. When he approaches the early "Cup of Gold" from the angle of isolating examples of rondure and concavity as evidence of the author's feeling for hill-and-valley contours, interpreted in the Freudian sense, he is merely being silly; but when he points out that in "Of Mice and Men" there is no authentic tragedy deriving from character he is writing sound criticism. And there are several places where he comes close to putting a finger on at least a few of the keys to the Steinbeck character as that is demonstrated in his work and out of it.

Nevertheless, the total impression is that the book does not justify itself. Sharply pruned, Mr. Moore's critical examination might have made a sensible and useful article for one of a very few literary magazines. Corrected a trifle, though the errors of fact are minor ones only, his biographical sketch of Steinbeck might have become a piece for a different type of periodical. The bibliography, also susceptible of correction, has been done before, as the author acknowledges in his preface. As for the map of the "Steinbeck Country," the only answer to that one is "So what?" Solemnly assembled and put between covers, the various bits still do not add up to a book. For the matter of that, at this point in Steinbeck's career, why should they?

J. H. J.

Fiction

THE DARK WING. By Arthur Stringer. Bobbs-Merrill. 1939. $2.

Arthur Stringer started writing novels in the 1890s when it looked as though Robert Louis Stevenson's revolt against the new realism and the newer naturalism might succeed in leading fiction back again to color and romance; but although public acclaim and pecuniary reward were bestowed upon F. Marion Crawford, Charles Major, George Barr McCutcheon, and Gene Stratton-Porter, no first-rate American novelist engaged in the romantic revival: Crane, Norris, Howells, James, and Dreiser stood stubbornly by their guns. Arthur Stringer's new romance, "The Dark Wing," is indistinguishable in flavor and trimmings from his novels of more than forty years ago. From a literary point of view "The Dark Wing" is an anachronism in the day of Steinbeck, Faulkner, and Hemingway, yet it is the kind of novel that dominates the rental library shelves.

Deserting his favorite backgrounds —the Canadian woods and prairies, Calgary, Labrador, Alaska, etc.—the novelist places the setting of "The Dark Wing" in New Jersey. The story begins with the familiar "Candida" triangle: fluffy-haired young poet, a lovely, "misunderstood" matron of thirty-seven, and her stodgy, bovine millionaire husband. Shaw, of course, would have scorned marrying his Candida to a coarse Philistine; such a match would have discredited her intelligence, and to set up a man of such sodden straw as an opponent of the fiery bard would be anything but

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by Hubert Herring

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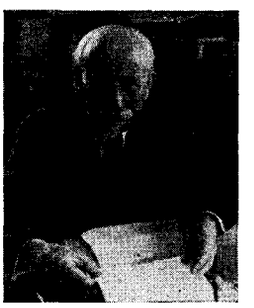

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sporting. The real battle, however, is not between husband and poet, but between mother and daughter, who conduct a preposterous struggle for the favors of the tiresome bounder, while the husband bumbles and fumes in the background.

"The Dark Wing" is a two-dimensional novel of adventure and near-romance with incredible characters speaking a language never heard on land or sea, but it shares one hearty virtue with all Arthur Stringer's many novels: things do happen. The story advances sturdily from chapter to chapter and will entertain those readers who are indifferent to its dubious psychology and who do not fret at the trite phrase.

R. A. C.

THE SEVENTH PLANK. By William McDowell. Putnams. 1939. $2.50.

Brian Forbes is the seventh son of a seventh son, born in the seafaring and shipbuilding town of Garrow (England) to an impractical father who spends more time on useless inventions than on his business of ship-chandling. Young Brian is a swan in a duck's nest, wants to be an artist and reads Fitzgerald's Omar, gets marooned in a shipyard drafting room, and becomes an inventor—a real one. While still a boy, pulling the last block from under a ship about to be launched, he looks up, catches the eye of a baronet's beautiful daughter on the launching stand, and conceives the great love of his life. So does she, and both remain true to the remembered dream through 326 pages of assorted incident gently peppered with the supernatural. The incidents are often well-conceived and the connections among them deft, but they sum up to a hammock-piece in the tradition of the Edwardian popular novel.

F. P.

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POETRY *A Magazine of Verse*

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a poem by W. H. Auden

W. H. AUDEN: The Search for a Public
an essay by David Daiches

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Miscellaneous

YESTERDAY. By Miriam Shomer Zunser. Stackpole. 1939. $2.50.

Mrs. Zunser has stipulated from the first that this is no novel she is attempting, but an honest narrative record of her family's history — three generations of it in the familiar span from Russia to New York — before she forgets. The stipulation is an honorable one, and is accepted; what we have, then, is a long and reverent chronicle made of all those anecdotes she has heard on countless evenings over the tea-glasses, from mother, father, grandmother, uncle. It adds up to a story we have been given many times before, but one still worth hearing nevertheless. There is a special kind of atmosphere that the Jews carry with them as they flee from one place to another: the only thing they can carry. It is composed of bitter remembrance, emotionalism, and stubborn endurance, leavened with an unreasonable hope. It rises out of the tales they tell to each other, and gives its special quality to such books as this one. Yet it is a chronicle and not a novel; a subjective and self-conscious characterization, not a whole, true portrait. That is why the best Jew in literature is still one that was created by an Irishman named Joyce.

N. L. R.

OUR SMALL NATIVE ANIMALS: Their Habits and Care. By Robert Snedigar. Random House. 1939. $2.50.

To this reviewer's misguided neighbor, who recently spent four days trying to feed a starving hawk on grass, he is going to recommend Mr. Snedigar's new primer on the proper entertainment of our wild-life in captivity. For such as he, as well as for the little boys who keep turtles in glass jars and the more mature collectors who build up small zoos, this volume digests, in readable and entertaining fashion, all the pertinent information as it has become known through years of careful experiment. Anyone who lives in the country sooner or later finds himself in possession, willingly or unwillingly, of an orphaned baby chipmunk or some other equally helpless animal. Usually the benevolence he exerts in its behalf, accompanied by total ignorance, as in the case of the hawk, results only in unnecessary cruelty and failure. To succeed, his benevolence must be coupled with enlightenment—and here it is, three hundred pages of it, with photographs and line-drawings.

Mr. Snedigar does not cover all the native species suitable to captivity, but he does cover the main groups, fish excepted. The value of such a book, compact and well organized as this one is, needs no further comment.

L. J. H., Jr.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

impart its author's feelings fully to those who have not "heard the burden of Collects, Prayers and Novenas 10,950 times" is tantamount to affirming the provinciality of Joyce's mind and attributing a narrowness more serious to it than any I still am prepared to attribute. I have given Joyce the benefit of a doubt. I faced the possibility that in time he might grow generally comprehensible. This doubt still seems perfectly justifiable to me. Mr. Ford, however, denies the possibility.

Another of these involuntary minimizations flows from his readiness to call Joyce's "chief note" "a kind of tender picking on God and his Mother such as the pupils of Jesuits will get a tittering joy at bringing out while chancing that their innocuous blasphemies shall bring down upon their heads the stern voice of their teachers," etc. When I spoke of Joyce's "half tender and half savagely blasphemous picture of human life", I for my part did not attribute to his impulse the kind of childish defiance which while amusing in schoolboys would be lamentable in a man of Joyce's stature, experience, and capacity. His conception of the human dream as that of a poor muddled little drunkard's seemed to me the equivalent of the cry of human helplessness and rage. When I read the sentence "In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!", I considered this parody of the Koran and the New Testament neither especially comical, ingenious, nor tasteful, but merely the device of a rather resourceless writer aiming to represent his dreamer's resistance to his better half—mother, wife, and sweetheart. But Mr. Ford identifies this kind of thing as an instance of "Joyce's chief note", and even finds it joy-giving. Personally, I still feel that I am right and he is wrong. Thus, my dismay at finding the wholly admirable author of "Some Do Not" gratuitously playing the role of Ham in reference to what I still take to be the illusory nakedness of his Noah.

There are further objections I would like to raise. But these are my main ones; and I believe that on due consideration Mr. Clear-The-Way will concede their validity.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

New York City.

Raunt

SIR:—Re P. E. G. Quercus's query about the word "raunt," may I give you a hint for what it may be worth? You say it is supposed to mean in Scotch: "young female fish." There are many similarities between Danish and Scotch and in Danish the word "rogn" means fish roe and it is pronounced very much like "raun."

HOLGER A. KOPPEL.

Danish Consulate,
Baltimore, Md.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

An Insurance Policy

ON the first of May, 1847, a young man in Brooklyn, whose age was approaching 28, applied for a life insurance policy in the sum of $2,500. ☞He stated that he had not had small pox nor gout, nor insanity, rupture, fits, asthma, nor spitting of blood. ☞His friend William Burns, who had known him 6 years, testified that the applicant's habits were "temperate—exceedingly so." ☞Dr. Robert Rosman, the medical examiner, went over the applicant on May 15, 1847. He reported: "About six feet, full, healthy, sedantary [sic] as an editor. Heart action slow and regular, pulse rather slow but regular, full and soft. Healthy, risk good." ☞The Insurance Company, through Stephen Crowell, agent in Brooklyn, issued the policy, at an annual premium of $56. There was also a fee of $1 for the drawing of the policy. ☞This was accurate figuring on both sides, for the insured lived nearly 45 years after the policy was issued. ☞If he duly met all his 44 annual premiums (which somehow we doubt?) he must have paid in a total of $2,465. ☞If he had lived about five weeks longer he should have paid in more than the sum of the policy. ☞This canniness was rather characteristic of the old boy, whose name in the policy was Walter Whitman Junior. We know him better as Walt. ☞ The documents have been lately on display in the home office of a big insurance company.

☞*The Colophon,* the quarterly laurel-wreath on the brow of the book-collecting hobby, so much enjoyed the college student essays sent in last year that it again invites college undergraduates in the U. S. and Canada to describe their own adventures in book collection. Students graduating this spring are allowed to enter. MSS must reach *The Colophon,* 229 West 43rd Street, N. Y. C., not later than August 31. "Any bibliolatrous angle is acceptable except purely literary criticism. The article must be about one's own collection." ☞The prize is $50—and the fun of seeing it published in one of the most assiduously printed magazines in the world. *The Colophon* is to the book collector what *Fortune* is to the vice-president of a bank.

☞Our favorite printer's error this week is in the Interborough Rapid Transit Company's excellent little booklet on *Seeing the Sights of N. Y. City* (by Subway and L). There, under a photograph of Chinatown, we read that Mott Street is famous for "Confusionist Shrines." ☞We were greatly pleased when we got a letter from a young writer in Reykjavik, Iceland. Somewhere he had seen an allusion to this magazine, and wrote, "What is *The Saturday Review of Literature?* I have a hunch that it is the magazine I have been thinking about subscribing to. Since the *Bookman* died I have never laid my eyes on an American literary magazine. Therefore I am most blissfully ignorant of what is going on in the American literature."

☞So far as we know, the first book ever televised was W. S. Hall's *Eyes on America* (Studio Publications). The British Broadcasting Company on May 8 gave television transmission to 8 of the American paintings in Mr. Hall's book. Those chosen as of special interest to British watchers were "Arbor Day" and "Young Corn" by Grant Wood; "Department Store" by Kenneth Hayes Miller; "Touchdown Play" by Benton Spruance; "Erosion" and "Drouth" by Alexander Hogue; "November Hurricane" by J. W. Golinkin; and "Texas Lake" by Everett Spruce. ☞Arthur Pforzheimer, 26 East 56, is showing a number of unusual MSS and first editions by Eugene Field and George Bernard Shaw, including two musical compositions by Shaw. We knew that Shaw was for some years a music critic but had not encountered him as composer. Somehow we think these pieces (settings for lyrics by Dollie Radford) are probably lacking in melody. ☞Balsam Pilloes, our staff poet, says every time he sees those car-cards about some Golden Hair Wash he wants to write a novel called *Bottled in Blonde.* ☞Balsam submitted 15 poems (under 15 pseudonyms) to the World's Fair competition, but none was enough like Walt Whitman to be taken seriously by the judges.

☞Writing recently about Moxon, publisher of so many famous poets, we'd have added (if we'd known it) that he issued the first English edition of *Two Years Before the Mast* (London, 1841). We discovered this by seeing a copy, and surprisingly cheap too, at the Gotham Book Mart. ☞Any advertising card that contains two grammatical howlers goes into our private collection. For instance, on the L. I. R. R., *Dame Nature Cream Lotion* "to really remove chap," etc., and "It's ingredients," etc.

☞There is an appeal in England to raise £2,500 to buy for the British Museum a collection of letters written by John Donne in regard to his clandestine marriage in 1601. These, according to the *Lit. Supp.* of the London *Times,* have remained all these years in the hands of the family to whom they were written.

The readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* will find that this issue, nearly two months from its fifteenth birthday, wears a new dress. The publishers have obeyed that famous magazine bon mot, "You can have your cover any color you want so long as it is red." The design was executed by William Dennis. The type selected for the cover by our printer, John Glassman, is Egmont bold.

3 O'CLOCK

by Thomas Wolfe

The editors of the *North American Review* are proud to announce that in their Summer issue—just off the press—they are privileged to publish, in advance of its appearance in book form, an important chapter from Thomas Wolfe's posthumous work, *The Web and the Rock.*

The same issue of the *North American Review* poses and answers a number of questions which are of outstanding interest to intelligent Americans:

Why and to what extent is the United States rearming?

(Answered by David Popper, Foreign Policy Association research expert)

Why aren't there more women in politics?

(Answered by Grace Adams, well-known psychologist)

Why does the United States baffle foreign diplomats?

(Answered by Duncan Aikman and Blair Bolles, Washington journalists)

Is America becoming a world center of art?

(Answered by Christopher Lazare, famous literary and art critic)

The new Summer issue of the *North American Review* contains, in addition, many other important features—penetrating articles, fine short stories by newly discovered authors, departments on books, drama and art.

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Double-Crostics: No. 272

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-B	2-Y	3-R	4-X	5-N	6-F		7-I	8-J		9-J	10-C	11-I		12-V	13-U	14-L
15-W		16-U	17-S		18-N	19-B	20-X	21-F	22-Y	23-R	24-A	25-I	26-P		27-J	28-R
	29-T	30-E	31-U	32-W	33-C	34-S		35-T	36-S	37-B	38-M	39-P		40-K	41-J	
42-K	43-H		44-R	45-Q	46-D		47-Y	48-M	49-Z	50-H	51-A	52-V		53-K	54-O	
55-X	56-Q	57-G	58-T	59-F	60-D	61-A		62-O	63-B	64-A	65-I		66-Q	67-G	68-B	69-A
	70-K	71-S		72-T	73-N	74-Z	75-E		76-P	77-X	78-C	79-E	80-F	81-I	82-H	83-S
84-G		85-T	86-Q	87-A	88-D		89-L	90-I	91-A		92-Q	93-L	94-N	95-F	96-G	97-J
98-U	99-V	100-M		101-O	102-H		103-M	104-I	105-K		106-P	107-R	108-H	109-M	110-U	111-B
112-W	113-G	114-J		115-X	116-A	117-R	118-M	119-Y		120-J	121-K	122-Z		123-R	124-E	125-Y
126-N	127-S	128-X	129-G		130-U	131-J	132-A	133-F		134-B	135-U		136-X	137-E	138-P	139-Y
140-F	141-U	142-H	143-W	144-R		145-B	146-O		147-Q	148-P	149-N	150-D		151-G	152-H	153-E
154-R	155-B	156-O	157-M	158-X	159-S		160-I	161-K	162-Z		163-Q	164-L	165-N	166-S	167-Y	168-I
169-V	170-C	171-P	172-T		173-O	174-I	175-G		176-I	177-D	178-Y	179-T	180-E	181-H		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Fresh from crime commission (comp.)
B. Luxuriant.
C. Exclamation of impatient contempt.
D. Not genuine (slang).
E. Moving furtively.
F. Signifies.
G. Attractive.
H. Repeat with confidence.
I. Fabulous monster that fed on patient wives (Med.)
J. Battle of 1066.
K. Everlasting.
L. Engrossed.
M. Persian god of light.
N. Set against.
O. German composer (1812-83.)
P. Snickers.
Q. Guffaws (comp.)
R. Exacerbates.
S. State of irritation.
T. Arouses.
U. Impel.
V. Distinctive doctrines.
W. God of mischief (Norse.)
X. Overhanging.
Y. Accompanied.
Z. Hero of "Lorna Doone."

WORDS

A.	64	91	51	116	87	24	61	132	69	
B.	37	19	1	155	63	68	134	111	145	
C.	78	33	10	170						
D.	150	177	46	60	88					
E.	30	153	79	75	124	137	180			
F.	59	133	95	80	140	6	21			
G.	175	113	151	67	84	96	57	129		
H.	152	181	142	43	102	82	50	108		
I.	25	104	7	168	90	65	81	160	176	174	11
J.	131	120	41	9	27	97	114	8		
K.	70	105	53	161	42	40	121			
L.	14	93	164	89						
M.	38	157	103	48	118	109	100			
N.	73	94	165	149	5	18	126			
O.	54	156	146	173	101	62				
P.	148	76	138	171	26	106	39			
Q.	66	163	86	92	56	45	147			
R.	23	154	123	117	44	28	107	3	144	
S.	17	166	36	71	34	127	83	159		
T.	29	72	85	58	172	179	35			
U.	31	16	135	110	141	13	130	98		
V.	169	99	12	52						
W.	143	32	15	112						
X.	20	55	77	136	128	4	158	115		
Y.	178	47	22	167	2	125	139	119		
Z.	74	49	122	162						

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